NOW & THEN

THE APPALACHIAN MAGAZINE

CENTER FOR APPALACHIAN STUDIES AND SERVICES EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

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NUEVO APPALACHIA

Now & Then

Nuevo Appalachia

Now

Furniture artist Desmond Suarez is the owner of Sabbath-Day Woods Studio in Canton, North Carolina. A second-generation furniture maker, he attended boarding school in Asheville, left the region after completing his schooling, but returned eighteen years ago.

Then

Desmond's father, Tem, was born in Cuba and came to the United States in 1949. Tem learned most of his woodworking skills in a Middle Tennessee boarding school. The photo on the right, from 1980, shows a young Desmond (in the striped shirt) and Tem working on the dresser Desmond would present to his wife as a wedding gift.

Tem Suarez passed away eight years ago. One of the last pieces he made was the desk, pictured on the left, for Desmond's son, Devin.

On the cover: Joseph is three years old and lives in Jonesborough, Tennessee. His father is from Puerto Rico and his mother from Mexico. He loves Spiderman and playing soccer. Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

NUEVO APPALACHIA

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Editor	Fred Sauceman
Managing Editor	Randy Sanders
Poetry Editor	Marianne Worthington
Book Editor	Edwina Pendarvis
Music Editor	Wayne Winkler
Film Editor	Brad Lifford
Photo Editor	Charlie Warden
Graduate Assistant	Caitlin Chapman-Rambo
Center Director	Roberta Herrin

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Center for Appalachian Studies & Services
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When Cultures Wed

Roberta Herrin
Director, Center for Appalachian Studies and Services

In 2001, Antonio was working as a dishwasher at El Matador in Johnson City, Tennessee, when he was introduced to Kathy. They talked. Kathy was moved by "Tony's" story—his hard life. He was from Guanajuato, Mexico, but found himself alone in East Tennessee, with no family. Kathy grew up in Carter County surrounded by a big, loving family.

Tony's father abandoned his mother and five children when he was ten, so he took a job milking cows to save the family from starvation and has never stopped working. Speaking little English, he came to North Carolina to mow yards. He has worked in the Christmas-tree industry and as a mechanic's assistant. He has cooked, installed insulation, and picked pecans, tomatoes, and oranges.

Kathy and Tony dated for a couple of years; then he went to Kentucky for a new job, and his life took a downward turn. He found himself living in a tunnel and sleeping on a cardboard pallet. One night he called Kathy and said, "If you'll come get me, I'll do anything for you." Kathy went, and after Tony returned to Tennessee, he made good on his promise. While she worked at Em's Restaurant, he cleaned her house and mowed her lawn. Their relationship deepened.

On Valentine's Day in 2007, Tony proposed marriage at El Matador, where they first met, and Kathy said, "Yes." They set a wedding date for December 29, 2007. On her wedding day, Kathy had to work. Her boss had told her she could leave early, but Em's was so busy she stayed until the 2:00 p.m. closing, and then she helped her mother Margaret set up the reception.

The wedding was the perfect cultural mix of people and food and music. Antonio grew up Catholic; Kathy was reared a Freewill Baptist. The marriage ceremony was performed by a retired Methodist minister in Little Doe Freewill Baptist Church. Kathy was pleased by how well the two families and the local community melded.

The seated, buffet reception was festive and fun. As guests entered the Little Doe Fellowship Hall, they first saw the tiered wedding cake, iced in white fondant. The buffet spread began with barbecued goat, tomatillo sauce, guacamole, rice, refried beans, and tortillas, prepared by El Torito Mexican Taqueria. Then came the ham biscuits; Little Smokies; chips and French onion dip; fruit trays of strawberries, kiwi, and pineapple; vegetable trays of cucumbers, broccoli, cauliflower, and ranch dip; a cheese tray with crackers; and a relish tray of olives and pickles—all prepared by Kathy and her mother. Coffee and orange-vanilla punch rounded out the menu.

Toward the end of the evening, the music and dancing began, but it didn't go long into the night. Mexicans dance at every opportunity, says Kathy; Freewills don't dance much. But this is an insignificant difference. What matters is that Kathy and Antonio have never encountered prejudice, and they continue to work hard so that every month they can send at least $100 to Mexico, which pays Tony's mother's electric and phone bills and buys groceries and medicine for her and the two children still at home. ❖

Editor's Notebook

Fred Sauceman

Our first full-color issue of *Now & Then* encompasses over 450 years of Hispanic influence in Appalachia. Michael Joslin visits Burke County, North Carolina, to document the sixteenth-century presence of Spanish explorers at a place called Joara, where a six-foot-tall statue of a conquistador stands today as a reminder that Appalachia has been a cultural crossroads for a very long time.

In a compelling first-person account of his life and philosophy, Colombia native Mauricio Cadavid tells of his work delivering newspapers in the early morning hours in north Georgia. Colombia is also the home country of the current president of the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce of East Tennessee, Fuad Reveiz, who kicked his first football in ninth grade in Miami and went on to be one of the greatest kickers in the history of University of Tennessee football.

Hispanic immigration patterns have shaped almost every city and town in Appalachia. We profile two: Chattanooga and Morristown, Tennessee, and examine the issues of assimilation and adaptation, balanced against the preservation of Latino culture. In Buncombe County, North Carolina, we look at the attitudes that both contributed to and resulted from one of the area's largest immigration raids, which took place in late November of 2011 at Asheville's Shogun Buffet Hibachi Grill & Sushi.

In Mitchell County, North Carolina, Maggie McKinney recounts a Latino family's struggle to find adequate housing, and she travels to Morganton, North Carolina, to describe the excitement surrounding the quinceañera, a rite of passage for girls who reach the age of fifteen.

Food figures prominently in this issue. Caitlin Kight chronicles the history of the first Mexican restaurant in Athens, Ohio, and how it has set a standard for entrepreneurism and cooperative ownership nationwide. Sandra Gutierrez, who grew up in the United States and Guatemala, shares a sampling from her new cookbook, *The New Southern-Latino Table: Recipes That Bring Together the Bold and Beloved Flavors of Latin America and the American South*. And, symbolizing the coming together of the Appalachian and the Hispanic is a jar of ramp salsa, produced in the kitchens of The Farmer's Daughter in Mount Nebo, West Virginia.

From a bilingual radio show hosted by a soccer coach to an exchange of knowledge about forestry between North Carolina and Mexico, this issue highlights a few of the ways in which the Appalachian region has been changed through the actions, accents, and attitudes of an enterprising people. ❖

Joara:

Tracing a Sixteenth-Century Spanish Presence in Appalachia

Michael Joslin

Volunteers carefully sift for artifacts at the Annual Archeological Field Day. Photo courtesy Michael Joslin.

On a hot June morning only a couple days after the summer solstice, I arrive in an agricultural field beside Upper Creek in a farming community in Burke County, North Carolina. As the sun burns off the morning haze, I see a distinctly Spanish figure standing in the middle of the cleared area. Nothing unusual about that, you think, knowing that Hispanics have undertaken many agricultural jobs in Southern Appalachia in the last twenty years or so. However, this figure does not wear a palm leaf cowboy hat, a thin white shirt, and blue jeans. He stands six-feet tall, wears a sword by his left side, and holds a halberd in his right hand. A morion helmet gleams atop his head, and a steel breastplate encases his chest.

I am not hallucinating or dreaming. The conquistador stands here to help tell the story of the Spaniards who first came into the mountains, not twenty years ago but over 450 years ago. And they did not simply pass through, but established forts and houses as they sought to colonize what they knew as *la Florida*. I am here today to participate in the Annual Archeological Field Day sponsored by the Exploring Joara Foundation, Warren Wilson College, and Western Piedmont Community College.

Dr. David Moore gathers together those of us who have arrived promptly at 10 o'clock when the field day begins. We are at what is known as the Berry Site, named for the property owners. Co-director of the site, Moore is a professor of archeology and anthropology at Warren Wilson, in the Swannanoa Valley of the Blue Ridge Mountains outside Asheville. Wearing a straw hat, a blue t-shirt emblazoned with "Joara," khaki pants, and hiking boots, he has a portable loudspeaker slung over his shoulder with a microphone in his hand. While he begins by welcoming us to the tenth annual field day (or maybe the ninth—he's not sure), he knows the story of the civilizations that clashed on this site as well as anyone and enthralls us with his tale.

"If you can just go back 500 years or so, think of this as a place with no highways or power lines. There was a Native American village here. They hear that strangers are approaching, 120 men coming from the southeast," says Moore, setting the stage for the dramatic story of the first European settlement in Southern Appalachia, a Spanish enclave established in 1567.

While there is a long backstory regressing to Christopher Columbus sailing the ocean blue in 1492, the immediate link in the narrative chain is Hernando de Soto, traveling through the Southeast around 1540. He and his army stopped in an Indian village he called Xualla on their way to ignominious defeat near the Mississippi River. A quarter century later, acting on orders from Pedro Menendez de Aviles, governor of *La Florida* and founder of Saint Augustine, Captain Juan Pardo arrived on the South Carolina coast to build Fort San Felipe at the Spanish settlement of Santa Elena on present-day Parris Island. His next orders were to find a route and build a road to Mexico, then called New Spain, for the transporting of gold which would then be shipped to Spain.

"Everyone was after Spanish gold," says Moore, who glances mischievously around his audience. "We all know what was terrorizing the Caribbean—Johnny Depp." We laugh at his joke yet appreciate the difficulties raised by English privateers and other marauders who preyed on Spanish ships laden with the wealth of the Americas. Professor Moore then returns to his story.

The strangers approaching Joara from the southeast were Captain Juan Pardo and his band of 120 soldiers as he followed de Soto's route, seeking the golden road. Pardo reached Joara, his predecessor's Xualla, on New Year's Eve 1566. "They can see the snow-covered Blue Ridge Mountains to the west," Moore says. This view makes it seem possible to push a road through to New Spain because the explorers believe that the eastern Appalachians are part of the same mountain range as the western Rockies. The vast stretch of the continent is collapsed like a squeezed accordion in their minds.

Pardo renamed the Native American town Cuenca, after his Spanish hometown.

"He demanded of the chief to build big houses for his men. Five buildings were constructed in a circle," says Moore, pointing with his microphone to an area right behind him where a young man and woman carefully sift through the soil in a square pit. This was the site of Fort San Juan, and they search for more physical artifacts left by the Spaniards in the Native American village that has become farmland by Upper Creek.

He carried a message to the governor, "Don't come back." And the conquistadors never did.

Eventually Pardo ended up building five more outposts in Southern Appalachia, but the Berry Site is the only one where researchers have found the exact spot of one of the forts. Here Pardo left thirty soldiers, as he unwisely split up his command among the successive forts he founded. He returned to Santa Elena, where in May 1568 a lone survivor, Juan de Badejoz, told of the forts being overrun by Native Americans. He alone survived, hiding as his fellow Spaniards fell beneath the angry onslaught. According to Moore, this lone soldier survived because he was probably married to an Indian woman. He carried a message to the governor, "Don't come back."

And the conquistadors never did.

Yet the rich soil here has yielded finds as valuable as any crops grown on this plot of land. Moore tells of the artifacts, and colorful displays and information booths around the site for the field day fill in the details. The

A conquistador greets visitors. Photo courtesy Michael Joslin.

effigy of the stalwart soldier standing tall in the middle of the field shows the prowess of the conquistadors who conquered Middle and South America. Steel armor and Toledo steel blades gave such advantage to the Spaniards that hundreds literally defeated millions in the hierarchical empires of Aztecs and others. Nearby, a display features a Spanish matchlock musket, an arquebus that the soldiers carried. Part of Pardo's strategy to shock and awe the Native Americans involved having his men fire a volley with these intimidating weapons.

Archaeologists have not dug up complete sets of armor or a rotting arquebus at the site, but they have found several important artifacts that provide physical evidence for the Spanish settlement. A Spanish trade knife blade, lead shot, twisted iron wire identified as pieces from chain mail, nine wrought-iron nails, Mexican red pottery shards, olive jar fragments, blue majolica pieces, and glass beads form the invaluable treasure years of careful sifting have yielded. Wooden remains from the buildings show evidence of being worked by metal tools.

The Spaniards may well have left more than these artifacts behind. While Professor Moore refers to only one survivor of the Indian attacks, Larry Richard Clark, in his book *Spanish Attempts to Colonize Southeast North America, 1513-1587*, writes: "While the fate of Captain Pardo is not known, documents exist which indicate that more than a few Europeans did survive the Indian attacks along the frontier. . . ." Clark cites a letter to King Philip from Spanish soldier and notary Domingo de Leon in which de Leon says, "There are plenty of people in that land from those of Juan Pardo."

Perhaps these Spaniards left in Southern Appalachia contributed to the mélange that became Melungeons, thus maintaining a continuing Hispanic presence in the mountains. Whatever the case for the survivors of Juan Pardo's scattered Appalachian forts, David Moore and the indefatigable archaeologists who sift the soil at the feet of the conquistador effigy contribute increasing evidence of the early Hispanics who found themselves in our mountains, adding fascinating details to this shadowy chapter of our history. ❖

Michael Joslin, a frequent *Now & Then* contributor, teaches at Lees-McRae College in Banner Elk, North Carolina.

Ode To Spanish Settlements in Appalachiaia

Jeremy Dae Paden

This is my song of devastation

song of pox and measles, of cholera
and plague, song of a continent emptied
made virgin by these forks of winnowing

This is my song of migration

song of the lies travelers tell, the gold
they promise, next hill, next stream
and if not gold, then scuppernongs for wine

This is my song of the Route to China

of the road to Mexico, of wandering
without map, of rattlesnakes and poison berries
of chestnut stands and tended plots of maize

This is my song of female chiefs

my song of rape, slavery, my song
of conscripted food and Europeans used
as pawns, of ignorance and consequences

This is my song of the delusions of war

song of scalps and musket balls, of gold left
buried, song of revenge, of plots and counterplots
of forts and villages burned

This is my song of fields left untilled for want

of failure, abandonment

Jeremy Dae Paden teaches Spanish and Latin American literature at Transylvania University in Kentucky.

The Work I Do

Mauricio Cadavid

Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

Mauricio Cadavid: An Introduction by His Teacher

I've been teaching long enough to recognize avoidance patterns when I see them in my students. With Mauricio, it was writing. Every time there was a writing exercise to do, Mauricio would sit quietly, not writing. If I prodded him, he would produce something, but I knew he wasn't happy about having to do so. I also knew his reluctance didn't come from literacy shortcomings. Mauricio is well-educated and well-read, with a quick mind. One day in class I sat in the chair next to him and suggested some of the tricking-your-brain-into-gear techniques I use when teaching writing classes. He listened, then gave me a look almost of anger and said, "I don't want to write because I am a *good* writer in Spanish. I write stories; I write poems in Spanish."

I thought of Mauricio's outburst when the call for submissions came from *Now & Then* for a "Nuevo Appalachia" issue. "Look at this," I said to him, showing him the printout. "You should think about submitting something." I told him to write in Spanish, then translate it. "Your thoughts come to you best in Spanish. Let the thoughts come, then you can move them into English."

My advice to him gets at the heart of what I hope for each of my students: that they keep what is inherent in them from their native cultures while allowing those cultures to inform their new lives in the U.S. The gains to be realized from embracing a blending of ethnic strengths is also, I believe, what Mauricio is proposing in his article, through words that speak with all the quiet power of his Colombian mind and the gentle affection for his Georgia home.

Dana Wildsmith

The work I do—distributing newspapers—allows me to explore Barrow County, Georgia, in the early morning hours. As I follow my delivery route, I drive on roads sometimes freshly paved, sometimes of dirt and gravel, through neighborhoods, subdivisions, and corners of the county I otherwise never would encounter. While I drive, I have time to think, to listen to music, and—since becoming aware of the possibility of writing this essay—to take a look at some of the changes that have occurred in North Georgia in this New Millennium. I believe that the instability of the national economy provides a lens through which many of those changes can be viewed.

Left to right: Dana Wildsmith, Mauricio Cadavid, and Larry Gemain. Wildsmith and Gemain are instructors in the English Literacy Program of the Adult Education Department of Lanier Technical College. Photo by Martha Claudia Gonzalez.

The national building boom encouraged many local residents to sell off large plots of land to corporations; the corporations in turn built homes, subdivisions, and office complexes on that land. As a result of these new opportunities for work and housing, we are here. We are the changing face of Southern Appalachia. The arrival of various populations in these new communities has been accompanied by advantages and disadvantages. New foreign settlers have contributed to the development of shops, restaurants, and various small businesses which market themselves to the traditions and customs of the immigrants. Arriving in the Deep South with an accent from an even deeper Global South, we, the new settlers, then migrated a second time from South Florida, the northeast, the West, areas where the acquisition of a dwelling was almost impossible. Caravans of homebuyers from New Jersey and New York arrived looking for a quiet place where they could settle and have access to the "American Dream" of all Latinos: owning decent housing. Alongside them were the commuters who helped make Barrow a "satellite county" of Atlanta, driving into the city and returning long enough to sleep, while also contributing to the demographics which encouraged fast food chains and superstores to locate here, abandoned factories to be remodeled into office buildings, and jumpstarted the construction of new government buildings, including the county jail and courthouse on the outskirts of the city of Winder.

However, the flourishing cultural, gastronomic, and economic trends of the county also have been accompanied by problems. Increased vehicular traffic has forced local leaders to consider alternatives to existing roads, construction of additional highway interchanges, to debate plans for expansion of the airport, and to consider a proposed railway from Atlanta to nearby Athens, which has long been in discussion by the state legislature. Security has deteriorated. No longer do we see a small table filled with produce in front of a house next to the tracks where people could help themselves to what was for sale there and leave the money in a tin can provided for that purpose. This is not a big problem, but it is a sign of how the initial goodwill we felt in the county has eroded in tandem with the necessity of having to lock our cars, garages, and homes each night.

I left my city in Colombia, with its congestion and insecurity, and came here to Barrow County, in what is called the foothills, or Piedmont, of the Appalachian mountain chain. Here I have resided and my life has unfolded for the last eight years. My wife and I found the county to be a place of peace and well-being, conducive to our goal of making a home for us, our son, and the two daughters who would complete our family. Over time we learned our way around and developed ties with its people, finally finding

a place to continue with something we felt was very important for our adaptation: learning the English language. We found a small group of Latinos and other ethnic peoples studying on a local campus with Mrs. Dana Wildsmith, who has always supported us and has helped us to fit in and to experience the art, culture, and social opportunities that Barrow County has to offer.

Slowly, ties between the locals and the immigrants have become more harmonious. Schools have increased in size and raised their standards. Information, both spoken and written, is being distributed in Spanish. The YMCA, a refuge for many local residents, now has a significant number of Latino members. There has been an increase in numbers of students of different nationalities in our English as a Second Language class, although statistics show a slowing of the population rate in the county.

It hasn't been all rosy for the newly arrived, as there is a traditionally conservative sector within the Republican party which does not want any contact with the new inhabitants. In addition, the national economic situation has affected employment, along with decreasing the availability of affordable housing, and as a result many immigrants have had to return to their countries of origin after losing their homes. However, though the situation across the entire country is still to be worried about, the situation in Barrow County is showing some signs of recovery. There is new development in an area that was formerly very desolate but which now supports restaurants, several retail shops, and a cinema multiplex, in a county which has not had a movie theater for more than thirty years.

There are challenges to the development of this new society. It is for the future of us all that we must build a society that preserves local traditions. Those traditions must be embraced by the newly arrived, who must be willing to blend this new way of living with their own traditions. Progress is a day-to-day process. The future exists only in our imagination, so we must use it to create a collective conscience to further the well-being of our communities as they grow and mature in this land, and to reach for the highest height of brotherhood. ❖

Mauricio Cadavid was born in Colombia, South America. He received his degree in sociology at the University of Antioquia. He has been living in America for almost thirteen years. He and his wife have three children.

Dana Wildsmith was a finalist for 2010 Georgia Author of the Year for her memoir, *Back to Abnormal: Surviving with an Old Farm in the New South*, which has been incorporated into the eighth-grade language arts curriculum statewide.

The Changing Face of Chattanooga

Michael Feely

Guatemalan ladies in a Chattanooga neighborhood. Photo courtesy Stacy Johnson of La Paz Chattanooga.

Chattanooga, like many southern Appalachian cities, has quietly been a place of new immigration for a long time. The early iron smelting industries of the 1870s by the river, the garment and textile industries of the 1920s in Soddy and Rossville and East Lake, the coal mines operating across the area—all these industries and others brought significant changes and new immigrants to the area. At the beginning of the twentieth century, Chattanooga included newly arrived Jewish families, a small German community, Italian and Swedish coal miners, and other immigrants.

Today Chattanooga is a beacon for international business immigration, with some of the city's largest employers being companies based in Germany, France, Spain, and Brazil. Citizens living in Hamilton County come from over eighty different countries. At least forty-five languages and dialects are spoken in the county school system.

The changing face of Chattanooga over the past twenty-five years has been mirrored by the growth of the Latino community in the area. While we are a different and better community for those changes, they have come rapidly and at a pace hard for many residents to understand. I can remember the surprise I felt as I returned in 2000 to Chattanooga after a twenty-year absence to find a flourishing Latino community in places that had been white or black neighborhoods. Several members in my small United Methodist church there said, "Preacher, it's like my neighborhood changed overnight." And demographically it had.

In 1991, I had returned to East Tennessee from Washington, D.C. I witnessed the growth in the rural areas of Cocke and Hamblen counties in the 1990s, as the first waves of Mexican and Guatemalan immigrants came to East Tennessee to work primarily in agriculture. A small area of Cocke County in 1992 suddenly had

several thousand more residents and families there to pick tomatoes. We struggled in those days with figuring out how to meet the needs of our new neighbors, and even with trying to figure out who our new neighbors were. Stereotypes and generalizations abounded on all sides, and we all made mistakes in trying to build community and reach out to each other. But there was grace as well, and our new neighbors helped bring out the best in many of us as we learned to develop coalitions and friendships and to reach out to each other.

That spirit of collaboration and common ground continues in Chattanooga as the new immigrant communities change and evolve. In 2000, a snapshot view of the Latino community in Chattanooga would reveal a group mainly composed of younger single men, who worked in a variety of entry-level positions and sent a majority of their paychecks home. These immigrants would also travel regularly to work within the United States and back home to Mexico and Guatemala. At that time there were fifty Latino children in the local elementary school (Eastside Elementary) that served this neighborhood. Their families were primarily migratory, moving often to find work in the local agricultural and chicken-processing economies. Ten years later, that same school zone has over 400 Latino students (in a smaller neighborhood zone), and their families are staying in place. The Latino population in Chattanooga now exceeds 15,000.

A few things helped bring about those changes, including, ironically, the federal immigration regulations that came into force as a reaction to the September 11, 2001, attacks. With those regulations came a renewed emphasis on regulating and controlling movement across the U.S. and Mexican border. It became much more difficult to make those seasonal moves. As a result, the demographics of the Latino community changed in Chattanooga. The community of single men transformed into a community of families, and now a community of multi-generational families.

The Latino families in Chattanooga today are in an interesting place. Three generations may be under one roof, with language differences and immigration challenges. A family I know in south Chattanooga has a house with a grandmother from southern Mexico who speaks mainly Nahuatl and some limited Spanish; her daughter who speaks mainly Spanish and some limited English; and then the grandchildren who speak some Spanish but mainly English. Communication is always interesting, and so is immigration status. Some of the family are U.S. citizens or legal residents, some have been here without documents for years, and several of the children came here when they were one and two and are now in high school, in that tough place of being totally Americanized and yet without legal status. The younger siblings are U.S. citizens, and the older ones are perfect candidates for one of the national immigration reform laws like the "Dream Act." They, like so many of their neighbors and fellow students, are stuck in this limbo of having spent their life in this country and yet not being officially of it.

BUT THERE WAS GRACE AS WELL, AND OUR NEW NEIGHBORS HELPED BRING OUT THE BEST IN MANY OF US AS WE LEARNED TO DEVELOP COALITIONS AND FRIENDSHIPS AND TO REACH OUT TO EACH OTHER.

But for the Latino immigrants in Chattanooga and our southern Appalachian region, today's challenges are not simply around immigration. These immigrants also face challenges shared by many communities in the South: educational access (including basic literacy), new ways of cultural and civic engagement, and healthcare. Much of the national discussion has been around access to college, but learning for all ages is important, and local communities here and throughout the South struggle with providing enough teachers and support for the new immigrants and new languages and cultures. Many of these discussions are negatively compounded by political rhetoric during local campaigns, with the new communities being inaccurately blamed for all the increased costs of schools and

services. A similar challenge exists around healthcare and access to it. And not just basic primary care. As the Latino community ages and grows and the traditional family unit changes, long-term and elder care become important issues, as well as mental health and counseling.

The demographic changes in the last ten years have altered work and neighborhoods in the local Latino communities. The earliest immigrants in the Chattanooga area ten years ago primarily worked in agriculture and in chicken-processing, along with some restaurant work. Those areas are still well-represented, but now the workplaces have become more diverse. Local Latinos are now in a range of businesses, with a growing number of young professionals owning their own companies, consulting, and working in areas such as regional planning and information technology. The area Chamber of Commerce started a new International Business Council last year that now has Latino and Hispanic representation from over fifteen countries. In both low- and high-tech ways, the Latino community is connected well through business, church, and family networks, and cell phones and social media have helped integrate persons even closer both regionally and across national borders.

It has been interesting as well to see the movement of the Latino community into different neighborhoods. The earliest immigrants fifteen years ago were clustered in smaller farming communities such as Dayton, Tennessee, and Dade County, Georgia, and in Chattanooga in a small area on the south side. As the Latino community in Chattanooga has steadily spread into new neighborhoods, it is beginning to be taken seriously as a political force. One Latino politician sits on the Chattanooga City Council, and younger Latino professionals are actively considering seeking elected office. The majority of local politicians and their political parties are reading the demographics and realizing that an increasing number of Latinos will be voting in each election. Both the state and local Democratic and Republican parties are trying to reach out to these new voters.

For the Latino population age thirty and under, there are significant issues surrounding identity and culture. How does one define oneself as a second- or third-generation immigrant? What culture does one claim as one's own? What country? This is a struggle familiar to almost every immigrant group in the United States, but the challenge is how to answer those questions in our fast-paced world.

For the students and younger adults, identity issues are vitally important. Often these youth struggle with where they fit, in relation to background, family, and country. Young Latinos who are struggling with identity sometimes can be tempted by the appeal of gangs that target the Latino community. Gangs can provide a sense of family for young people who feel alienated from their real family.

The challenge faced by the Latino community mirrors the challenge we all share in this new century. Who do we claim to be as a community? And how do we positively relate to each other as part of that community? We have a lot to learn from our new neighbors. ❖

Michael Feely teaches history at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga and Tennessee Temple University and is the coordinator of Hispanic Outreach and director of the Plaza Comunitaria at Chattanooga State Community College. He served on the board of Esperanza del Barrio and was a founding member of La Paz de Dios in Chattanooga.

Hillbilly Norte:

Latino Communities and Institutions in Change in Rural East Tennessee

Chris Baker

Pro-diversity demonstrators at the Hamblen County Courthouse in 2005. Photo courtesy Chris Baker.

Recent Latino settlement in rural East Tennessee coincides with global changes restructuring Appalachian and southern labor markets and society. Coming mainly from rural areas in Central America, the Latino community has emerged as a key factor in the region's economy and one of a number of new influences including out-of-state tourists, second-home owners, and retirees seeking the area's beauty and lifestyle.

The city of Morristown serves as a regional hub for Latino social institutions in East Tennessee. In the last two decades, Latin American immigrants have both altered and preserved East Tennessee's culture while fueling economic growth. Once a key furniture and textile center, today Morristown is home to international companies and a multicultural labor force. According to the 2010 census, Morristown's Latino population numbered 5,743, or 19.7 percent, of its total population, up from 10 percent in 2000. The city's Latino population far exceeds the state average of 4.6 percent. Its percentage of Latino residents is also higher than those of the state's major cities. These new cultural voices are challenging the region's social order with new societal boundaries and definitions of citizenship.

Institutions in Conflict and Change

The region's immigrant community has helped maintain many East Tennessee institutions. The presence of immigrants has become essential for the survival of farms and the remaining furniture factories. Prior to the mid-1990s, most of the region's agricultural labor force was made up of seasonal contract workers, primarily on tomato farms in Cocke and Hamblen counties. Initially, workers occupied a dorm-style barn in Hamblen County and trailer parks serving as temporary housing. As families have settled permanently, neighborhoods have been concentrated through the center of Morristown along Cumberland Avenue. The city is near three of the nation's busiest Interstate highways—81, 40, and 75—making it centrally located for migrating seasonal farm workers and families from larger southern population centers. These new settlement patterns have transformed the area with restaurants, car dealerships, financial services, stores, flea markets, farmers' markets, and churches.

As the immigrant population increased in the late 1990s, workers began to play a larger role in manufacturing, taking jobs in furniture and automobile factories in the boom years before 2008. Faced with worker shortages, Morristown industries pushed to support schools and facilities for migrant families.

Between 1994 and 2004, the number of students requiring English Language Learners (ELL) curricula in Hamblen County increased from 40 to 500. By 2006, the city had over 1,000 Latino students, and soon a school called the International Center began serving all students, including a growing Asian population. Still, most Latino children are concentrated in low-income and mixed-race schools.

Globalization, Change, and Preservation

Facilitating the area's expanded migration in the 1990s was the Garcia Labor Company. Locating from Texas to Morristown in the mid-1990s, Garcia became one the largest labor contractors in the South until it was closed for transporting undocumented migrants to Ohio in early 2007. Along with Garcia, Chicago-based Koch Foods consolidated the area's small poultry farms, opening a processing plant in Morristown in the late 1990s with 700 workers.

Migrants have become important to the survival of Appalachia's agricultural heritage and emerging tourist sector. Helen Lewis observes that Latin Americans do much of the work behind the back-to-land "hillbilly chic" movement in the region: "Add to these changes the other new immigrants—Latino workers—who provide needed labor and new cultural influences through their food, music, and art. In addition to bringing a challenge for the schools, churches, and social services, they also bring a work ethic, ambition, and family support system that are inspiring."

The Latino presence means new foodways and cultural practices while Latino labor helps maintain the region's historical identity through the cultivation, harvesting, and preservation of local products. Immigrant labor helps drive seasonal festivals and fairs, and in nearby Sevier County, Latinos mix with Eastern Europeans to fuel tourist attractions such as Dollywood.

New Appalachian Religious Traditions

Among the organizations representing the Latin community's emerging Protestant church population is the Nolichucky Baptist Association. In 2003, the association's one Spanish-speaking minister, William Burton, created the area's largest Latino church. He learned Spanish on a mission trip to Venezuela, where he met his wife. Today the church sponsors a minister training program and has its own radio station.

"I had two congregations at once for a while," Burton said. "We decided to give up the Anglo church. We moved from building to building and have gone from twenty people to 200. We bought this building in 2003 and are the largest Hispanic congregation in Morristown. This church is the thirteenth-fastest growing population in the Southern Baptist Conference. We are the number-one fastest-growing Latino congregation in the conference."

Latinos are also embracing Appalachia's charismatic, Independent, and Pentecostal denominations. Some have integrated while others are creating new Protestant traditions and congregations based on family systems or country of origin. Many churches actively move from location to location, often changing membership and congregations.

One of the family-based Pentecostal churches is Iglesia Nueva Apostolica. Its story reflects how

Latino churches are evolving in the South.

"I came here in 1990 from Knoxville," said the church's founder, Adriana Reyes, who also runs a restaurant with her husband. "There were no Spanish-speaking people. I went to a Baptist church. In Morristown, I went to Manley Baptist. We began our church in the basement of the Pentecostal Church on Jay Bird Road. We met there for six months as separate churches. Sometimes we met at the restaurant. We moved to a strip mall, then bought land behind the 25-E flea market. We meet for six months outside in a tent. We would love to do better. We called up a minister five years ago."

East Tennessee's Catholic churches have likewise been revived through Latino migrants. Originally founded by a northern professional and managerial class, Morristown's St. Patrick's Catholic Church has more than doubled its membership recently. Of its nearly 600 members, half are Latino.

Somewhere Between Nativism and Open Arms

With Latin American students making up a greater part of the enrollment at the International Center, fierce debates ensued over providing language curricula to migrants. In 2005, a nativist campaign involved an out-of-town Minutemen group and a county commissioner, Tom Lowe. Using his commission seat in direct attacks on the Latino community, Lowe persistently pushed a bill to charge the federal government over $4 million for the costs of educational services to the county. Rallies by Minutemen on the Hamblen County Courthouse lawn focused on job loss and assumptions about costs for migrant health care, education, and social services. The story made the national media, with Lowe appearing on Fox News after several altercations. Soon after, he lost his commission seat.

Also in 2005, the United Food and Commercial Workers Union successfully organized poultry food workers at the Koch Foods plant. The drive involved a broad-based coalition linking the poultry workers' plight with civic, church, and nonprofit organizations. The union drive overlapped with pro-Latino rallies countering the Minutemen. The coalitions were part of two decades of coalition building by the Tennessee Industrial Renewal Network and the Highlander Research and Education Center. The campaign was covered in the 2007 Appalshop film by Anne Lewis entitled *Morristown in the Sun and Air*.

As *New York Times* reporter Julia Preston wrote, "Despite the mounting pressures, many of the illegal immigrants are resisting leaving the country. After years of working here, they say, they have homes and education for their children, while many no longer have a stake to return to in their home countries."

Migration and Development

Paul Scheffer points out in *Immigrant Nations* that cultural change requires self-examination and that solving the issues of immigration worldwide will depend on the outcome of the search for new ways to live together. Appalachia's newest immigrants are one more reminder of the impact of globalization on the region. These new arrivals have introduced the area to a greater level of multiculturalism. Likewise, immigrant youth face less social exclusion than their parents. Much has changed since the nineteenth century, when, in the face of expanding immigration nationally, some Appalachian communities, including Morristown, advertised an almost one hundred percent native labor force in an attempt to attract northern capital.

As Latinos search for better labor conditions and better lives for their children, they have the capacity for improving Appalachia's social conditions. Ultimately a successful discourse will require the involvement of newcomers and indigenous populations alike. This region or any region, for that matter, will survive based on how it perceives its human investment. ❖

Chris Baker is a professor of sociology at Walters State Community College in Morristown, Tennessee. His research addresses community development, participatory research, and social problems. Current projects include researching the impact of tourism on social change and development in East Tennessee.

A New Frontier

Randy Sanders

A meeting of members of Las Tres Fronteras. Photo courtesy Randy Sanders.

Weather was a big story in Asheville, North Carolina, on the Tuesday after Thanksgiving 2011. Forecasters warned residents that up to six inches of rain could fall on the area. Higher elevations around Asheville were bracing for possible snow.

At 10:00 a.m. outside a strip mall just off Brevard Road on that Tuesday morning, officials from the U.S. Department of Homeland Security's Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) were focused on Shogun Buffet Hibachi Grill & Sushi. Before the doors opened to the public, agents entered the restaurant and detained twelve Buncombe County workers in one of the area's largest immigration raids in recent memory. The eight Latinos and four Asian immigrants taken away in the raid were quickly named the "Shogun 12" by local activists.

Words are powerful. A headline like "Twelve Illegal Aliens Arrested" has a different tone and message than does "Twelve Undocumented Immigrants Detained." As the Asheville raid makes clear, immigration is not only an issue for the Border States—it is an Appalachian story as well.

Asheville Councilman (and candidate for the United States Congress from North Carolina's Eleventh District) Cecil Bothwell, a proponent of immigration reform, said: "The principal scare tactic is to claim that undocumented workers are stealing jobs. To the extent that this is true, it isn't because employers prefer non-English-speaking

employees, but because they will do the work others will not do, are more expert at the work needing to be done, or . . . and this is the biggie . . . will do the work for less money. And the reason those people will work for less is because they are in no position to demand fair wages or safer working conditions because they are 'illegal.'"

under the influence of rabid racism, extreme xenophobia, and much ignorance. The main thing is they're causing much pain in Alabama."

The complexity of the immigrant question can be seen in an earlier (2009) Pew Hispanic Center report that estimated fifty-three percent of undocumented immigrants live in mixed-status families—in other words, undocumented immigrants living with legal or U.S. citizen members. No matter where one comes down on the policies and politics of immigration, a simple truth remains: Immigrants, whether documented or undocumented, are people.

not surprisingly, of mixed status, ranging from undocumented to permanent U.S. residents.

The idea behind Las Tres Fronteras, or The Three Frontiers, began as a question nine loosely-connected Latinos from Mexico, Guatemala, and El Salvador posed to themselves: "What can we do to help families affected by the raid at Shogun?" They decided to pool monies, divide labor, and sell home-cooked meals to the larger Latino community and supporters of that community. Proceeds from the sale of those meals went to restock supplies and assist six of the Shogun 12 families.

No matter where one comes down on the policies and politics of immigration, a simple truth remains: Immigrants, whether documented or undocumented, are people.

According to a 2011 report published by the Pew Hispanic Center, a nonpartisan research organization in Washington, D.C., about 11.2 million undocumented immigrants were living in the United States in 2010. It is estimated that 8 million of those unauthorized immigrants were in the work force. Report co-author Jeffrey S. Passel said, "We just don't see indications that enforcement is pushing people to leave the U.S."

However, Alabama legislators and legislators in a handful of other states have taken a different message from the Pew report. Legislators in Alabama, a state where less than four percent of the population is foreign-born (compared with 12.7 percent nationwide), passed what many consider to be the most stringent immigration law in the country.

Scott Douglas, executive director of Greater Birmingham Ministries, responded to news of the Alabama law's passage by saying: "With near-secessionary zeal, our state leaders are governing

Las Tres Fronteras

What follows is an account of people who came together after the Shogun raid to raise money for the families affected by that raid. What grew from their altruism is a quintessentially American story of entrepreneurial optimism.

By the Sunday before Christmas, activists from various parts of the Asheville community had coalesced around a march through downtown to denounce the Shogun raid. Nearly 100 supporters braved the cold and gathered near the Vance Monument in Pack Square. Nine people who were there that day are the founding members of a co-op called Las Tres Fronteras. It is worth noting from the outset that Las Tres Fronteras' members are,

Each day's menu was based on the food from Mexico, Guatemala, or El Salvador: tacos, tamales, pupusas, frijoles, arroz, tortas, gorditas, and empanadas. Meals also included drinks like horchata, jamaica, and tamarindo.

Co-op members cooked during the day and delivered meals on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings. Menus were announced through a phone text distribution network the day before the food was prepared. Orders were accepted by phone as well.

The overwhelming response to Las Tres Fronteras' work was immediate and challenging. In only a few months the co-op members had outgrown cooking in individual members' kitchens. They decided to lease a recently closed

grocery store on State Street and began preparing meals from that site. Since most of the workers who had lost their jobs after the Shogun raid had found other gainful employment, co-op members began considering a broader vision for their collective efforts. They wrote a mission statement which says, in part: "We decided to start this co-op to earn a dignified salary. We hope to develop a chain of co-ops in the United States and other countries we are from."

The members of Las Tres Fronteras are opening a sit-down restaurant in their leased State Street storefront. Undoubtedly, the secret to their success can be found in their skills in the kitchen and their insistence on offering healthy, fresh food at reasonable prices. By necessity, the organizational structure of Las Tres Fronteras has become more formal. As with many co-operative organizations, committees are a way to parse responsibilities. One committee is responsible for buying food; another prepares food; and still others handle marketing, bookkeeping, and personnel matters.

Like any of us, each co-op member has a story to tell. Two of the members, Audencio, an immigrant from Guatemala, and Osvaldo, from Mexico, were caught up in the Shogun raid. They worked at Shogun as cooks and were paid $4.25 an hour. (Minimum wage in North Carolina is $7.25.) Both were released from the Henderson County Jail, the area's ICE holding center, after posting $2,000 bonds. No date has been set for their deportation hearings in Charlotte, but each has found factory work (at different factories) since their release. Audencio has been in the U.S. for seven years, is married, and is the father of a one-year-old daughter. Osvaldo's family is in Mexico. He has been in this country for more than three years.

Abilene, another member of Las Tres Fronteras, is originally from Mexico. Now in her twenties, she moved to Asheville some years back when the factory where her mother worked transferred production from Gastonia, North Carolina, to Asheville. Eventually, production was moved from Asheville to Honduras. Her mother returned to Gastonia, and Abilene stayed in Asheville.

Esther is the sole co-op member from El Salvador. She has been in the United States for twenty-nine years, has legal status, and works for Mountain BizWorks, a non-profit community development financial institution in Hendersonville. Although she puts on no airs, it is clear that her work experience is indispensable to the group.

What began as a loose confederation of individuals working to help others in need has expanded into a larger vision to make the world a better place. Esther, Abilene, Beatriz, Epifania, Vincente, Marco Polo, Araceli, Osvaldo, and Audencio are on a mission to take control of their lives, support their families and communities through their work, and offer their neighbors an enriching experience through food—all without exploitation.

The entrepreneurial spirit that permeates the group is evident by the way they have capitalized on a good idea. Building a chain of co-ops across the United States and in other countries where everyone is paid a dignified salary is a tall order. Critics may say the members of Las Tres Fronteras are dreamers, but in the best sense of that word, doesn't that make them as American as you or I? ❖

Randy Sanders is managing editor of *Now & Then*.

A Day on the Big Laurel River (*for April*)

Charles Dodd White

The swiftwater will catch in granite snags
Where the Big Laurel finds womanly shape
On its long shivering back of stones—stones
Rounded like ears or cameos of sound.

You knew names: solomon's seal, touch-me-not
Jack in the pulpit, standing tall as grace.
The measure of caught sunlight in the leaves
Revealed the distance between their burnt names.
Other blighted fruits were pale with regret,
As doomed to stoop as the hemlocks stricken on the ridge.

In the water there was some lovely else,
A sophistication of current well striped
With the strong antics of speckled trout
Audacious enough to escape your cast,
To undo our efforts to hook tender
Mouths together, dragging the finger soft
Against the tongue, seeking the quieting
Of struggle to make calm the shock of air.

The river will forget us like other dry bones
In the meal of the earth, the running and sunning earth.
And the cracked sky will not pledge our worth against
Any other.

But the mouths remember, the organs of us
Will keep the song of the day close as blood
To the vein, reciting a world within
Where the truth of our lost breath is spoken.

Charles Dodd White lives and teaches in Asheville, North Carolina. He is the author of the novel *Lambs of Men* and the short story collection *Sinners of Sanction County.*

Growing Tennessee:
Rural Youth Cultivate a Common Ground

Martina Ward, Rose Williams, and Kyle Tharp

Bridging the Cultural Divide, Jessica, 2007

In the towns of rural Tennessee, many families have been residents for generations. Some families, however, visit for only a short amount of time, coming in with the harvest and leaving when it ends. Migrant and seasonal farmworkers are employed during the agricultural season, planting and harvesting crops and working in processing factories. Many have families to support and are working to provide a better life for their children. For these families, Telamon Corporation operates the Migrant and Seasonal Head Start program for children between six weeks and five years of age at four centers. Although ethnicity is not part of the eligibility requirements, the vast majority of families who qualify for services are Hispanic. These same families often face challenges due to frequent relocation and language barriers.

Telamon strives to engage the entire family and meet their multi-faceted needs. In response to research that shows migrant youth have some of the highest school dropout rates, Telamon developed the Growing Tennessee Youth Initiative in 2005 to provide outreach to the older siblings of the children enrolled in Migrant and Seasonal Head Start. The initiative provides opportunities for youth to increase their self esteem, self expression, and interest in the arts. Some generous funding sources that have made the youth initiative possible include the Office of Head Start, Starbucks Foundation, East Tennessee Foundation, PeyBack Foundation, the Tennessee Arts Commission, and the Tennessee Valley Unitarian Universalist Church.

Over 150 youth between the ages of six and eighteen have participated in the youth initiative since its inception. Telamon strives to create a cross-cultural component and has collaborated with the Tennessee Migrant Education Program, Boys and Girls Club, and 4-H to recruit participants. Professional artists are recruited to provide instruction, and projects have included photography, film, ceramics, mural arts, folk dance, and music. All photographs featured in this article were taken by youth participating in photography projects. The children's artwork reflects the increasing diversity in Tennessee and is displayed in public venues to celebrate the creativity of participants and raise awareness about the experience of migrant farmworkers and their families. The artwork provides an opportunity for children to express their unique perspective, which could potentially be obscured by the brevity of their stay. ❖

Right: Little Sister Looking Up to Big Brother, Franky, 2006

Left: Playing Hide and Go Seek at the Park, Jessica, 2007

Left: End of the Year Fiesta, Eric, 2006

Right: Little Girl Playing in Her Yard, Rufina, 2008

Above: The Storm Trooper and the Princess, Franky, 2006

Above Right: Migrant Child Sitting in the Shadow of Zucchini Crops, Beatriz, 2007

Right: A Long Ride on the School Bus, Erica, 2008

Above Left: Pausing on the Playground, Grisselda, 2008

Above: Arriving in Style, Jessica, 2007

Left: Little Boy Close Up, Jessie, 2008

Looking for a Home

Maggie McKinney

Photo representation by Charlie Warden.

I assumed that the young Latina mother seemed slightly distraught because she had all five children with her at her first parent-teacher conference at Tipton Hill School in Mitchell County, North Carolina.

She held the baby on her hip with one hand and fiddled with her long black hair with the other. She alternately shushed the children dancing and giggling around her and listened to the report about her only school-age child.

"Jose has made remarkable improvement," the first-grade teacher said and I translated. "It's amazing since he started school knowing almost no English."

The mother thanked her and asked only if there were anything more she needed to do at home.

When we left the classroom I casually asked how everything was going.

"I am so worried," she said. "We must find a place to rent."

I had visited their isolated home at Poplar, miles and curvy miles from a reasonably-priced grocery store. While there, I thought how lonely it must be for a woman whose husband worked long hours and whose nearest neighbors spoke no Spanish.

"I can see why you'd want to move," I said. "Your house is a long drive from everywhere."

"A better location would be good," she agreed. "But the problem is we have no water. The well has run dry."

At home, I checked the classifieds, made a few

calls, and found not a single lead. The following weekend when my husband and I went to get a Christmas tree, I noticed the trailer on a gravel road where Mexican friends of mine once lived. The place looked deserted. I wondered if it was, perhaps, for rent.

My husband drove up a hill lined with neat rows of Fraser firs to a house near the top. While he cut our tree, the woman of the house invited me in. She served me tea in a large, glassed-in sunroom that overlooked trees and the trailer below.

"Who's renting the Lorenzo trailer now?" I asked.

"No one," she said. "We miss the Lorenzos. They were good neighbors."

"Do you think the owner wants to rent?" I asked.

She thought he might. She gave me his phone number.

When I got home, I called. The owner said that work needed to be done on the place, but that he was open to having the family help. He could show it the next day. The rent would be between $200 and $300 a month, depending on how much work the husband was willing to do.

I called the family, and I warned them that the trailer was not pretty and not in good shape. I told them the price. They wanted to see it.

They drove thirty-five minutes to my house and followed me ten more minutes in their van to the trailer. When we arrived, I noticed the house more critically than before. A nearby decaying shed held what looked like trash and broken machinery dangerous to children. A built-on porch led to the single-wide trailer, which was old and dilapidated. I was glad I had warned the family that it "wasn't pretty."

The owner and his wife were waiting for us. After introductions—the five children in the van included—we adults went into the house. It was a bitterly cold, windy day, and I was anxious to get inside, but without heat or electricity, even inside I was miserable. Again, I looked at the place with new eyes, partly because the miscellaneous furniture of the previous family had disguised a great deal and partly because I was responsible for this family being here.

The floor, partially covered by a gray, ripped linoleum, was uneven and shaky. It felt as though it might collapse at any moment.

"We'll have to fix this floor," the owner's wife told me.

The kitchen was a makeshift affair, with an aged sink and a few cabinets with doors that would not close. The stove and refrigerator looked fine, but the rest of the kitchen was impossible by my standards. The wind howled through broken windows.

I had never seen the bedrooms. One was half the size of the smallest bedroom in my house. The "master" bedroom was large enough for a bed—at least a full-sized mattress—but not a chest of drawers. I could not imagine room to stand to get dressed. The bathroom had a rusted sink and toilet side by side and a stand-up shower with no tub.

I thought that the family could not possibly want this place. Any moment the floors would cave in. Small children couldn't take showers. Even someone with the best intentions could not make the place livable.

"How much you want?" the man asked the owner.

"Tell him I'll take $200 if he'll help fix it up, with a $150 deposit," the owner said.

The man did not consult his wife. "I will take," he said and counted out $150. He added that he'd like to move in within three weeks.

The owner said I needed to tell them to buy bottled water to drink. The spring might have poison in it because of all the chemicals used on the surrounding Christmas trees.

Without thinking, I said that the water would have to be tested before they moved in. If the owner couldn't do it, I would. I didn't want to bring anyone into a place with poison water, particularly someone with five children.

"Oh, we can check the water," said the owner's wife.

Next, the owner said he couldn't get windows in three

I THOUGHT THAT THE FAMILY COULD NOT POSSIBLY WANT THIS PLACE. . . . EVEN SOMEONE WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS COULD NOT MAKE THE PLACE LIVABLE.

weeks but suggested that he could get plastic that was "as good as windows."

"It's winter," I said. "They'll need real windows."

After I got home to my appallingly large house with its solid floors, I could not get that trailer out of my mind.

When I was young, we were poor by local standards. At one point my father made $50 a week for our family of seven. We lived in an aged, brown-siding house with one bathroom and two porches in disrepair. The kitchen had no counters, the walls had cracks. The upstairs was icy cold in winter.

I re-pictured my childhood home in a way I had never done—its level hardwood floors, large bedrooms, living and dining rooms. A family willing to take that miserable trailer would have thought my childhood home rich.

That night I had trouble getting to sleep. How miserable seven people would be crammed into that small trailer.

The next day, the owner called me. He had changed his mind, he said. Due to recent surgeries and other health problems, he probably didn't have the energy. He thought he would sell the land, perhaps to the people who owned the house above, for they had expressed interest in it. He offered to pay the Latino family for the gas they'd used for their fruitless effort if I thought he should.

I thought he should.

He asked me to call them and explain.

Now I was miserable, thinking about having to tell them they couldn't get a house that I had thought they ought not want anyway.

First I called everyone I could think of. I got a few not very promising leads. One potential landlord said she would "pray about it."

I talked to the head of Shepherd's Staff, the Christian ministry. She told me which landlords to avoid. One, she said, fixed things once for HUD and never fixed them again. She told me the Spruce Pine Motel was going to close the next month, forcing more people to look for housing.

I talked to a minister's wife who does incredible work helping Latinos. She did not know of any available rentals. She suggested that maybe prejudice had changed the man's mind.

"I don't think so," I said. "He knew ahead of time they were Latino. He's rented before to Latinos."

No. I knew what had caused his change of heart: my critical comments about the windows and the water.

I dreaded calling the family. When finally I did, the husband answered. I explained. He responded as if this were just another expected event, as if he were used to being denied everything.

The owner of the trailer sent me a check for the deposit and gas money, and I took it to the mother. Shortly afterward, to the disappointment of his first-grade teacher, the little boy stopped coming to school. The school secretary heard that the family had moved to Tennessee. I never saw them again.

Except in my mind.

It is like a kaleidoscope that I keep turning and trying to find the right picture. I've gone over it and over it. I still don't know what I should have done.

But I do know this: When I hear or read of anger or harsh laws against undocumented workers living in the United States, the kaleidoscope stops on a father and a mother with five children, searching for a home, any home, no matter how bleak. ❖

Maggie McKinney lived for twenty years in Mitchell County, North Carolina, where she and her husband raised three children. She taught Spanish and English in both the Mitchell County public school system and at Mayland Community College, wrote for the *Mitchell News Journal*, and worked with several Spanish programs in the community.

Fuad

Fred Sauceman

The Reveiz family on the sidelines in Neyland Stadium on the University of Tennessee campus. L-R: Bryanna, Gayle, Nick, Fuad, and Shane. Photo courtesy Fuad Reveiz.

Fuad Reveiz is a kisser. But that's not his trademark. He isn't known for the mechanics of his mouth. The source of his fame was his foot.

In the annals of gridiron kicking at the University of Tennessee, the name Fuad Reveiz is unforgettable. It's a name, he says, that he'll always be "teaching people how to pronounce."

When he left Miami Sunset Senior High School to accept a scholarship at UT, Fuad "doubled the Hispanic population on the football team." He was born in Bogotá, Colombia, where, he says, "I always kissed my mom and my dad. We just do that."

After his playing days as a Volunteer and as a kicker for several teams in the National Football League, Fuad returned to Knoxville to live. He remembers his son Nick's first day of football practice at Farragut High School in West Knoxville.

"I stopped the truck in front of the locker room, and I went over to give him a kiss and a hug, and it was like, 'Oh, hey, hey, Dad. Hey, man, we're in high school.'"

The former All-Pro NFL kicker then told his son, "Let me tell you something. I will kiss you until the day I die."

At UT, Fuad, who calls himself "a very expressive, huggy guy," had become accustomed to post-game locker room kisses from his parents, Paulina and Omar. Throughout his four years with the Big Orange, they drove fifteen hours on Friday from Miami to Knoxville to see him play at Neyland Stadium on Saturday and fifteen hours back on Sunday. At Miami Sunset, in the heat of south Florida summers, they had even attended his practices.

The first name that Fuad must teach many people how to pronounce is a legacy of his grandfather, who was born in what is now Lebanon but became a political refugee.

"During one of many civil wars there, Colombia admitted 10,000 to 20,000 immigrants," Fuad says. "He married Emma, my grandmother, who was Colombian. He was in the textile business in Colombia. He had

the same name as I, and he died a month before I was born."

Fuad's father sold Johnson's Wax to stores in Colombia. His mother held a clerical job at the American Embassy. After they left Colombia in 1974 with three children and $400, Omar took a job driving a forklift in a Miami warehouse. Paulina was hired by Radio Martí, a short-lived service that beamed American propaganda into Cuba.

Life changed radically for the Reveiz family, in ways both profound and simple. "In Miami, the biggest thing was the fact that you could put a quarter into a machine and a Coke would come out in a can," Fuad recalls. "That used to freak me out. Man, that was so cool."

In soccer-dominated Colombia, Fuad had never kicked a football. His toe first met pigskin when he was in ninth grade in Miami. The following year, he kicked a 60-yard field goal. Yet he was virtually ignored by college recruiters. He had his heart set to become a Florida State Seminole, but at the last minute, the school pulled its scholarship offer.

He was "devastated," he says, but he never lost hope, primarily because of the lessons his parents had taught him: that there is no such thing as accidents, that God is in control. "I never heard my mom and dad say this country owes me. And I'm very grateful for that."

Four months after the rejection, everything fell into place. Concerned about the Volunteer kicking game, Tennessee's Johnny Majors made a scholarship offer, and Fuad donned jersey number four. He would go on to be one of the most beloved players in the history of UT football.

In Knoxville, Fuad came under the tutelage of one of the game's legends, West Virginian George Cafego, who had played halfback at UT under General Robert Neyland. Cafego always said that one thing he learned from Neyland was to "be perfect."

"The only people who really care about you are the ones who correct you," Fuad tells me, as we talk about the influence of Cafego, who coached at UT for thirty years. "At first, that hurts, and it bothers you, but he was just a perfectionist. It wasn't only about kicking, it was about an approach to life."

Fuad says Cafego's most enduring lesson about kicking was to "practice like you play." He credits Cafego's "intensity" and the mentorship of Johnny Majors as "the only reasons I was able to play in the NFL as long as I did. Coach Don Shula (of the Miami Dolphins) was rough and tough and one day at a time. If you weren't performing, you were out."

Fuad humbly passes over his successes as simply "fine-tuning God-given talents." Unlike some kickers, he engaged in no superstitious rituals before or during games. In fact, he was amazingly nonchalant.

"I tried not to get involved in the game," he says. "There were lots of times when I couldn't tell you if we were ahead or behind. I never really got into the 'rah-rah-rah' at all. I played with Jimmy Colquitt at UT, who was a great punter. He was the opposite. He was bouncing off the walls, but that's what got him to perform at a high level."

Netting New Opportunities

Joe Smith

It was the "net" rather than the "fish" that Fuad Reveiz says "many kind people" gave his parents when they arrived in the United States from Colombia.

That "net," Reveiz explains, was the ability, the knowledge, and the confidence to pursue opportunities that would allow them to feed and provide for their children. Seeing such acts of generosity inspired him. It created in him "a calling."

As president of the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce of East Tennessee, Reveiz is helping current and aspiring business owners find those nets. Founded in 2004 by a group of Hispanic professionals and business owners in the Knoxville area, the chamber offers networking opportunities, educational activities, and technical assistance to promote the birth and growth of Hispanic businesses. It also monitors legislation, programs, and policies that affect Hispanic businesses.

"It's a great team of people working together, pitching in to help wherever needed," Reveiz said.

He credits the success of the chamber to many people, including Patricia Robledo, who served as a board member and president. She was the interim executive director for only three months before Mayor Madeline Rogero appointed her to be the City of Knoxville's Business Liaison, heading up the

Of Fuad's first game-winning field goal, during his freshman year at UT, he says, "I really didn't know what I was doing. I didn't realize the big issue that Tennessee does not lose to Wichita State. It was my first baptism on how big Tennessee football is."

He kicked his longest field goal in October of 1982 at Grant Field in Atlanta against Georgia Tech. It was a 60-yarder but cleared the crossbar by several feet. During one stretch in the NFL, he hit thirty-one field goals in a row. All told he spent eleven years in the pros, with the Dolphins, San Diego Chargers, and Minnesota Vikings.

After running his own home remodeling company and hosting "Weekend Remodeling" on the DIY Network, Fuad reconnected with former UT teammate and defensive tackle Chris Wampler and joined his buddy's business, Carriage Hill Insurance, in Wampler's hometown of Lenoir City, Tennessee.

"Sixty percent of my insurance customers are Hispanic," Fuad says. "We insure a ton of Hispanic restaurants."

As President of the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce of East Tennessee, Fuad shares a philosophy of providing his fellow Latinos a net, not a fish.

"From single mothers looking for jobs to entrepreneurs working in construction, we help Hispanics weave into the fabric of the community by providing them a level playing field, not by giving special treatment. We provide the tools to help individuals work and support their families."

The chamber's influence extends from Roane County, Tennessee, through Knoxville and northeast to the Tri-Cities, and then back down through Chattanooga and into northern Georgia.

"Latinos comprise the largest minority group with the highest disposable income in the United States," Fuad says.

Work with the chamber and in the insurance business is made easier because of the familiarity of the Reveiz name in East Tennessee. Fuad's brother Carlos also played football at UT, and his brother Luis played at Jefferson City's Carson-Newman College. Carlos now works in Knoxville in the information technology field. Luis is head of security for a drug manufacturer. Their sister Adrianna has returned to the city of her birth, Miami, to teach school.

Both of Fuad's sons, Nick and Shane, played linebacker at UT. Fuad's wife Gayle is a native of Nashville, but Fuad claims, "I'm more southern than her."

Their daughter Bryanna walks the halls of the University of Tennessee as a student just as her father did. Nick is assistant youth leader at Knoxville's Northstar Church, where he is still kissed and hugged by his father.

"Shake hands?" asks Fuad.

"That would be a shame." ❖

Fred Sauceman is senior writer, executive assistant to the president for university relations, and associate professor of Appalachian Studies at ETSU.

new Office of Business Support.

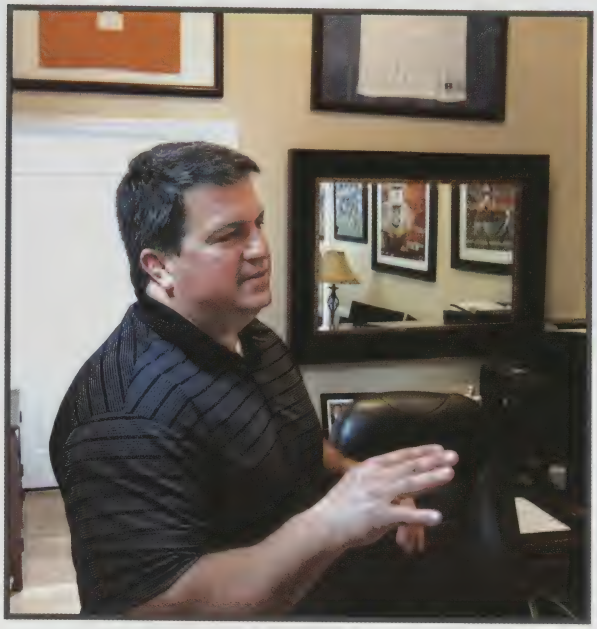
"The Hispanic Chamber of Commerce has played an important role in Knoxville," said Robledo. "It serves as a bridge in connecting mainstream and Hispanic businesses. It not only has assisted new ones get started and connected, but it has also helped mainstream businesses find a bilingual workforce."

Robledo has observed the functioning of the chamber from all angles. She is the owner of a small business, Robledo Translations, in Knoxville. Since 1999, the company has provided Spanish translation and interpretation services, voice-over, voice recordings, and consulting services to clients in both the public and private sectors, including national retail and food service chains, television and telecommunications firms, healthcare providers, and marketing and legal firms.

According to Reveiz, the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce uses its website to promote job openings and bid opportunities. It also guides people who are trying to start new businesses by making sure they have the insurance and other necessary documents in place.

"The language barrier is a huge obstacle," Reveiz says. "That may sound trivial to some, but the people we work with often find it difficult to make sure they have complied with the requirements because of the language. We're there to give them a hand and to point them in the right direction."

Reveiz recalls one particular Hispanic gentleman who, for his



Fuad Reveiz discussing the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce. Photo courtesy Fred Sauceman.

entire life, had worked for other people. It was an eye-opening experience for him when he realized that he, too, could have his own company. The chamber gave him a "net" by providing him with the information and assistance he needed. Today the man has his own drywall business and is creating jobs for others.

The chamber teaches business owners new skills, such as how to make presentations, pursue bids, and identify opportunities for expanding their companies.

"The resources are there; we just help people find them," Reveiz said. But he makes it clear that it is not the intention of the chamber for the Hispanic businesses to receive preferential treatment or to carve out a special place in society. Instead, it is about leveling the playing field.

"When a person doesn't have the business information or knowledge they need, the playing field is not level. That's not because it was created uneven or was intentionally made that way.

"If I don't know how to make a bid or presentation, then I am at a disadvantage—not because I'm different. It is my responsibility to learn what I need to know and it is not your responsibility to teach me."

Membership in the Hispanic chamber is diverse. Only forty percent of the member organizations are Hispanic businesses. Reveiz points to recent census information that showed the Hispanic population is the largest minority in the U.S. with the highest disposable income.

"A lot of companies want to be part of that community," he said.

Reveiz has been humbled by the people and organizations that have extended a partnering hand to the Hispanic chamber. His group meets regularly with the Knoxville mayor, who Reveiz says has been extremely supportive, and with other organizations such as the police department, the Office of Homeland Security, and the FBI. These meetings, he says, have allowed the chamber to bring important information to the Hispanic community, particularly about certain legal issues.

"Our goal is to have a dialogue before we have a problem, and when issues do arise, we talk about them," he said. "One lesson we've learned is that not every complaint is a fact."

Reveiz says one of his hopes is for the Hispanic chamber to increase its funding base so that more services, such as additional English classes and business seminars, can be offered. Currently, the chamber relies solely on membership dues, sponsorships, and fundraisers and receives no public monies.

Robledo agrees about the need for more dollars. "With funding and support from the community, the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce could really be a key player in our regional economic development."

Reveiz adds: "It is about showing people the many opportunities that are out there. We've been in this country for many years and have gone through the paths and 'walked the walk,' and now we can show others those paths. There are doors of opportunities, but we won't walk through them for others. People who want to better their lives must knock on those doors and go through them individually.

"Fortunately, there are many people out there who are eager to do just that." ❖

Joe Smith is director of media relations at ETSU.

Dancing in Appalachia—Latino Style

Maggie McKinney

Photo courtesy the family of Juan Francisco Pablo.

As a young girl in Guatemala, Eulalia Esteban Francisco did not have the Spanish quinceañera celebration for her own fifteenth birthday. In fact, she never attended one.

"We have seven children in my family," she says. "No money for parties, no money for presents. In Guatemala quinceañeras are for rich people."

The quinceañera (pronounced keen-seh-ah-NYAIR-ah) celebrates a girl's transition from childhood to adulthood. The word comes from *quince*, Spanish for fifteen, and *años*, the word for years. It has other names, the simplest being the *quince*.

The tradition is not quite the same as a debutante ball or a "sweet sixteen" party, but more like a Jewish bat mitzvah, a religious ceremony followed by a party. Although there is a variety of ways to celebrate, traditionally the *quince* begins in church with Mass and moves to another location for the fiesta.

At the fiesta after the formal entry of the young lady, she dances with her father, other family members, and with each of the young men (chambelanes) of her court. In the past, this quinceañera was the first time that the young girl danced in public, though this tradition is fading. The girl's father often presents her with a last doll and/or her first high-heeled shoes. She is toasted. She wears a tiara and holds a wand to symbolize that she is a princess to God and to her family. Afterward begins the general dancing which lasts late into the night.

Appalachians unfamiliar with the 2006 movie *Quinceañera*, which won the Grand Jury prize and Audience award in the Independent Film Competition at the 2006 Sundance Film Festival, might not realize that such celebrations are proliferating in their own region. In the film, Latinos talked of attending the celebrations in Hickory, Boone, Marion, and Morganton, North Carolina, and in Johnson City, Tennessee.

Maria Rodriguez, a young mother of four from Oaxaca, Mexico, now living and working in Morganton, has traveled as far as Middle Tennessee to attend a quinceañera. She has a theory about the rising popularity of the Spanish custom in the Appalachian region.

"In Mexico there were so many places we could go," she says. "We loved parks and zoos and always the *ferias* (fairs). There were theaters and restaurants. Here, everyone is nice, but you always feel maybe you bother Americans. So everybody likes to get together with other Spanish people."

Kenneth Whittington, priest of St. Charles Borromeo Catholic Church in Morganton, says he now performs approximately eight quinceañeras a year. "And our population is mainly Guatemalan," he says. "Mexican congregations do many more."

In the numerous and varied Spanish-run stores around the region, one can find business cards of photographers, like El Quetzal in Morganton, offering photo and video services for Spanish celebrations, particularly quinceañeras. Los Reyes of Hickory even includes limousine service for the young girls.

And in January of 2012 Margarita Maldonado opened Decoraciones Génesis in downtown Morganton, an expansion of her booth at the Jamestown Flea Market. Although she sells items for weddings, showers, baptisms, and *presentaciones* (birthdays for three-year-olds), she says the main motif of the store is the quinceañera. Elegant gowns, tiaras, wands, toasting glasses, porcelain dolls, kneeling pillows, and various mementos for a girl's fifteenth fill the store.

"I love seeing elegant dresses," she says in Spanish.

When asked if she would give a quinceañera for her children, she laughed. "I have two boys."

Her boys, however, do work with her in the shop. The older, fourteen-year-old Esteban, tends the store after school and on Saturdays while his mother and brother work at the flea market.

When asked how they felt about quinceañera, neither son seemed to mind that such a tradition did not exist for boys.

As for working in his mother's shop, twelve-year-old Daniel said, "It's a little awkward with all these dresses. I am a boy. But," he adds thoughtfully, "I do it because I want to help my mom."

Esteban agrees that it's a bit awkward, but says he, too, likes to help his mother. He's studying photography and graphic design at Hickory Career Arts Magnet School and hopes to use what he learns to help design things for the store and for the parties.

Esteban has noticed that the local celebrations contain cultural elements from Guatemala, from Mexico, and from the United States. "For example, some Mexicans want a sweet sixteen party," he said, "and some Americans I know want a quinceañera."

When Eulalia Esteban Francisco finally got a chance to attend her first quinceañera in North Carolina, she was enchanted with the dancing, the music, the food, the family, and the friends. But she does not know exactly when she decided that she might want to have a celebration in her own family.

Eulalia, who is studying English three times a week at Burke Literacy Council's Project Flower and taking citizenship classes, works a full-time job at Tyson's Foods in Wilkesboro, an hour's drive from Morganton. She and her husband, Juan Francisco Pablo, have five children—four girls and a boy. In spite of all their expenses they began saving money. When their first daughter, Regina, neared her fifteenth birthday, they asked whether she would rather have a car or a birthday celebration.

Regina chose the quinceañera. Two years later, her sister Claudia also chose the quinceañera.

The parties have not been cheap. Even though Eulalia and her friends prepared and served some of the food and made flower and doll decorations, Eulalia estimates they spent between $9,000 and $10,000 for Claudia's celebration.

In Mexico the cost is often borne by sometimes up to twenty-six *padrinos* (godparents), according to Maldonado. There are *padrinos* of the decorations, of the food, the music, the flowers. It is a tradition to ask your friends to help you pay. But Eulalia says she was too embarrassed to ask for much help.

The day of Claudia's quinceañera, Eulalia awoke at four o'clock in the morning to take her daughter to get her hair fixed. Then Claudia and the chambelanes went to Hickory, where she had her picture taken with each boy and rode in a Humvee limousine.

The church service began at two o'clock at St. Charles Borromeo Church. Claudia, radiant in her pink gown, greeted her church family. Her two younger sisters carried a large doll, covered with tiny memento dolls, one of which they passed to each guest.

There was no written liturgy. The audience knew the Spanish Mass by heart. A choir of beautiful men's voices sang from the back of the church. The procession included Claudia's family and the chambelanes. Claudia knelt for over half an hour during the Mass and communion.

At the end, she says, "I gave flowers to the Virgin Mary. That was so meaningful to me."

The church service, says Father Whittington, "is a time of thinking seriously of one's life, of becoming an adult and committing to their faith."

The fiesta afterwards is not quite so serious—though some of it, like the dancing, is choreographed and practiced ahead of time.

Most of the 150 guests were Latino, though five or six *americanos* joined the festivities. While waiting for the guest of honor, everyone talked, watched a video of Claudia's scrapbook, and listened to the guitars and drums playing romantic bachata music that originated in the Dominican Republic.

Claudia and her escort entered the basement floor of Collet Street Recreation Center under an arch of balloons, followed by the chambelanes in their pink shirts, jeweled white vests, black pants, and white shoes.

Eulalia wore a coral-colored gown, and her non-birthday daughters were attired in different shades of pink. Claudia's father, though originally dressed like the chambelanes, changed into blue jeans. The clothes of the other guests were a mix of traditional Latino and American dress, running the gamut from high-heeled elegant to baggy-shorts casual.

No alcohol was served. Champagne bottles of sparkling grape juice cocktail were placed at each table for the toast. The food included traditional Guatemalan chicken, beans, tortillas, and rice with salsa, alongside pizza and Burger King sandwiches.

Claudia went to each table and thanked everyone for coming and for their gifts. She smiled throughout the afternoon and night. She and the chambelanes performed the dances they had practiced. Then, along with the other guests, she danced and she danced.

She says that she loved everything—the service, her dress, the tiara, the guests, the dancing, the whole party. But the thing she remembers the most was the dance with her father.

"I want to thank God for giving me this life," she said, "and my parents for making my dreams come true."

The party lasted from 3:30 until 11:00 p.m. You could hear the music two blocks away.

"Spanish people," according to guest and retired Spanish teacher Marilyn Settlemyer, "really know how to have a party." ❖

Maggie McKinney lives with her husband in downtown Morganton, North Carolina, where she teaches in the English as a Second Language program offered through the Burke Literacy Council. She is a columnist for the *Morganton News Herald*.

'PHAERESIS

Scott Lucero

you separate plasma from meter

leukocytes from stanza

erythrocytes from lines and rhymes and couplets

blood spills here and there

words are truncated and reshaped

and reformed and you write a new poem

and you create new names for love

and for fear and write them

across linen bedsheets

with the blood of poems

Scott Lucero is an Hispanic poet from eastern Kentucky, where he lives with his wife and two children.

Blessings from South of the Border

Kitty Juul

Dr. Franklin Montenegro. Photo courtesy Kitty Juul.

One's cultural roots, with values, traditions, beliefs, and cultural histories, play a strong role in shaping identity and world view. Appalachia is a region that is rich in cultural traditions, some of which are unique to Appalachia and some of which originated in lands far away. Influences of other countries are evident in art, music, foods, customs, and folklore. Contributions from Latin America can be felt throughout Appalachia in many areas from music to healthcare.

Franklin Montenegro and Carmen Zepeda do not know one another, but their backgrounds are very similar: One grew up in Peru, the other in El Salvador. They were both raised in rural communities without running water or electricity. Both went to college and earned advanced degrees, eventually moving to the United States. They were attracted to the beauty of the natural environment and to the friendliness of the people of northeast Tennessee. And they have dedicated their professional lives to meeting the healthcare needs of those in Appalachia. Carmen and Franklin bring with them strong cultural identities and backgrounds that have influenced who they are.

Franklin Montenegro and Peru

The Republic of Peru is a country of approximately thirty million people. According to archaeological evidence, Peru's cultural history dates back thousands of years. Probably the most recognizable of the ancient cultures from this region is the Inca Empire. For approximately 250 years the Incas expanded their territory, incorporating many linguistic and ethnic groups. One such ethnic group was the Caxamarca, after whom the region of Cajamarca and capital city were named. It was in the City of Cajamarca where, in 1532, the Inca Empire came to an end as Spanish Conquistadors captured the Inca emperor. Almost 300 years later, in 1821, Peru declared its independence from Spain.

The Inca and Spanish empires may be long gone, but the people of Cajamarca have survived. And they have retained their cultural identity: The descendants of those who created the rich history of the region claim either Spanish or indigenous ancestry, and sometimes both. One such descendant of the indigenous Caxamarca would grow up on a rural, family farm in Peru. He would eventually make his way to medical school and then to northeast Tennessee, to serve the people of Appalachia as a physician.

Franklin Montenegro's father owned a small piece of farmland in the beautiful Peruvian highlands not far from San Miguel, in the Cajamarca region. It was on this farm that Franklin was raised with an extended family, including eight siblings. Because there was no electricity, all activities took place outdoors; the house was primarily used for sleeping. With the mild, subtropical climate, one could be comfortable outside all year. Cars were rarely seen, so when Franklin talks about distances he traveled, measurements are "by horse" or "by foot." He remembers visiting his older sister, a teacher in a one-room schoolhouse. He traveled approximately six hours by horse to see her. His grade school was in San Miguel, thirty minutes by foot—barefoot. Like other children, he did not own shoes.

Few physicians visited the area. When Franklin was a toddler, he became very sick with measles, which was complicated by an infection. He lost consciousness. Fortunately, a physician was in town and prescribed the new drug, penicillin, saving his life. People usually relied on home remedies and traditional medicines such as herbs, which they received from the local "bruja," or medicine woman. Administration of traditional remedies was usually accompanied by healing ceremonies and Catholic prayers.

Ethnicity and socioeconomic status defined the classes where Franklin grew up: Those who lived in the mountains and were indigenous usually were more economically disadvantaged than those of mixed-race who resided on the coast. But this did not stop Franklin from pursuing his dream of an advanced education. Along with fifteen other students, he was in the first class to graduate from the first high school in San Miguel. In 1964, at the age of eighteen, Franklin was admitted to San Marcus University in Lima, Peru, to study medicine.

Moving to the city of Lima felt risky and was quite a culture shock for a young man from the peaceful countryside, especially during times of political unrest. But this experience would prepare him for a greater move that he could never have anticipated, a move from Peru to the United States. In 1973, following medical school, Franklin chose to complete his residency at St. Agnus Hospital in Baltimore. It was there that he met his future wife, Albertine, who was also completing her residency. Franklin would never again move back to Peru. He and his wife moved to Johnson City, Tennessee, in 1981 by way of Houston, Texas. Along with the beauty of the area and the friendliness of the people, they were attracted by what a university community has to offer and felt it would be a safe environment in which to raise their two children. Franklin still misses the place where he grew up, but when asked where he considers home, his response was, "Home is a feeling, not a place. It is wherever I am."

Franklin is a gentle, soft-spoken man, whose love of life and compassion for others is evident on first meeting. He believes strongly that medicine should not be a for-profit career but rather a service-oriented career. He believes of utmost importance today is promoting a sustainable way of living, which to him means not only maintaining environmental biodiversity but also cultural diversity. He explains that environment and culture are not separate, and this is the way of thinking of the ancient cultures: "Our ancestors lived sustainably and helped each other because it was necessary for survival. It is still necessary."

Carmen Zepeda and El Salvador

El Salvador, a country of six million people, is the smallest in Central America. Like Peru, prior to the arrival of the Spanish, the region was home to various ancient cultures and civilizations, such as the Mayans. In the mid-1520s the Spanish Conquistadors arrived in the region that would become El Salvador. In 1821, El Salvador declared independence from Spain.

A descendant of Spanish immigrants, Carmen Saravia Campos de Zepeda was born in Canton Santa Rosa, El Salvador. "Canton," she explains, means "rural community" and is similar to what one finds in Appalachia. Carmen had seven brothers and sisters. When she was ten years old, her family moved to Quezaltepeque,

Carmen Zepeda and her daughter Lissette Tant. Photo courtesy Kitty Juul.

a farming community. Her father, a farmer, owned a sugarcane mill that was used to make brown sugar and a sugarcane juice called "Caldo de caña." As in rural Peru, without electricity and running water, much of everyday living took place outdoors. Few physicians worked in the area, but "patera," or midwives, were common. People relied on traditional herbs and oils for medicines.

Carmen's school was about a mile from her home, and, as Franklin was doing at the same time many miles to the south, she walked to school barefoot. But children were required to wash their feet and wear shoes while in school. The town had two grade schools, one for girls and one for boys. After completing grade school and middle school, Carmen attended a three-year school for teachers. In 1957 she graduated with an equivalent to a bachelor's degree. She then moved to San Salvador, the capital, and pursued a master's degree in special education. It is there that she met her future husband, Jose, who was earning his master's degree.

In 1978 El Salvador was bracing itself for civil war and, according to Carmen, 1979 was the worst year for violence. Carmen describes what life was like: "We never knew if we would ever return home after leaving in the morning, and, even though we did not take sides, our family was a target because of my husband's work in the private sector." Carmen and her husband knew they had to leave the country for the safety of their four children.

In 1980 Carmen and Jose moved their family to Memphis, and finally to northeast Tennessee. Carmen now works as a Spanish interpreter at the Johnson City Downtown Clinic, serving the local homeless population, the uninsured, underinsured, and the medically indigent. She is very passionate about her work. With an increase in the Spanish-speaking population, Carmen sees the growing need for interpreters in clinics and hospitals. She also sees the need for counseling for parents on how to help their children adapt to living in two cultures.

When asked what is most important to her, Carmen responds, "Family, loving the Lord, being a good parent, honesty, hard work, and being a good citizen." Her children, like her, have made valuable contributions to healthcare in the region: one as a fundraiser for a children's hospital, one as an anesthesiologist, and one as a lawyer preparing for entrance into medical school. Although there is much she misses about her native country, there is much she appreciates about her home in northeast Tennessee: the peacefulness, the freedom, the opportunities to work in any field, with the proper perseverance.

Franklin Montenegro and Carmen Zepeda have both shared the richness of their cultures and who they are with those in Appalachia. With compassion and dedication to helping others, both serve the community that has embraced and welcomed them. And these are just two of the many from around the world who have magnificent stories to tell and have made meaningful contributions. As Franklin so eloquently stated, "The world is beautiful, and there is so much to learn about each other." ❖

Kitty Juul is a curriculum design manager at the East Tennessee State University Rural Domestic Preparedness Consortium. She earned a master's degree in community and regional planning from the University of New Mexico.

Of Jíbaros and Hillbillies

Ricardo Nazario y Colón

The people of the forest speak with a natural wisdom.
Though thousands of miles apart, they find understanding
in the healing powers of Yerbas Buenas.

Call them Curanderos, Jíbaros and Hillbillies.
Birthed in the land and raised by mountains,
they know what it means to live overshadowed
in a place where so many green things grow.

Scots-Irish, African-Andalucian and Cherokee-Taíno blood
forged them into poets, composers, and great storytellers.
They delight in the flavor of chocolate gravy,
pimento cheese, and the warmth of fresh cow's milk.

From the method of seasoning a black iron skillet
to the baroque manner in which a man courts a woman,
la pobreza de ser campesino no es lo que nos une
si no, la dignida de una vida sencilla.

"Of Jíbaros and Hillbillies" is the title poem of Ricardo Nazario y Colón's poetry collection, published in 2011 by Plain View Press.

Ohio's Casa Nueva:

A National Leader in Entrepreneurism

Caitlin Kight

Photo courtesy Leslie Schaller.

It's the restaurant where my parents had their first date and where they still go almost every Friday night to celebrate the end of the work week. It's where my husband and I first introduced our families to each other and where I meet up with old friends when visiting my hometown. It is regularly, and wistfully, mentioned on Facebook by homesick Ohioans, and I was once stopped on the street in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, by a complete stranger who fondly recognized the establishment's name and logo on my t-shirt.

Casa Nueva is a self-described "nouveau-Mexican southeastern-Ohio"-themed restaurant that embodies not just the heart and soul of its community—Athens, Ohio—but also its individuality, high-spiritedness, and forward-thinking mentality. The restaurant also has a great atmosphere and really tasty food—especially its famous chips and homemade salsa, a practically mandatory element of every visit. In late 2011, *The Athens News* "Best Of" edition listed Casa Nueva as the number-one local restaurant and bar and the best place to have breakfast, get a unique Athens experience, eat vegetarian cuisine, and meet both men and women. This is not the first time the restaurant has received such accolades, and if previous trends provide any indication of the future, it probably won't be the last.

Referred to simply as "Casa" by locals, it debuted as Casa Que Pasa, Athens' first Mexican restaurant. The series of events that led to its transformation into Casa Nueva is now the stuff of Athens legend. After the original owner left town and suspended financial support of the business, the restaurant's employees banded together to keep the establishment afloat for about three months before being threatened with eviction. In order to keep the restaurant alive, the group turned to an organization

now known as the Appalachian Center for Economic Networks, or ACENet, for help in developing a viable business plan. The eight employees (Leslie Schaller, Amy Rossi, Amy Borgstrom, Dave Lehn, Rob Somers, Julie Francke Hayes, John Moliviatis, and Scott Solecki) then put up $400 each and secured additional funding from a variety of sources, including community investors, a local bank, and local businesses willing to barter for goods. Once the capital was combined with the entrepreneurial proposition, it only took a little cajoling of the landlord before Casa Que Pasa could be reborn as Casa Nueva, which officially opened its doors on October 9, 1985.

It's a feel-good story that sounds as though it jumped off the pages of an indie film script, but the most remarkable thing is not the fact that Casa was given a second chance, that it has been open for over a quarter of a century, or even that it now earns well over $2.5 million each year. Rather, the most unique thing about Casa is its business model: The restaurant is a worker-owned cooperative that, to quote its website, strives "to create a workplace in which all individuals are treated with equality, respect, and compassion."

There are three positions available to Casa employees (also referred to as *casatrons*): associate, trial cooperative member, and full cooperative member. The first option offers an experience like that available to employees at any other restaurant in town: show up, work, and collect a regular paycheck but have no vote in decisions about how the business should be run. For those interested in getting more involved in shaping the restaurant's objectives and practices, however, it is possible to buy into the cooperative. This currently requires an initial investment of $1,800 and many hours devoted to learning about basic economics—hence the "trial member" position. One way that trial members can learn about management is perusing the restaurant's books, which are left open so that everyone can "see the consequences" of their decisions. The "Casa School of Business" must be doing something right: It has been referred to as an "entrepreneurial incubator for the Athens area and beyond," with the rate at which former employees go on to start their own businesses estimated at approximately forty times the national average.

All employees have the opportunity to try their hands at any of the restaurant's positions, from dishwashing to cooking to serving. There are about thirty different jobs available, and most "casatrons" gain expertise in half a dozen of them. People who stay on for many years may become adept at as many as twenty. As with the lessons in business savvy, these skills are passed from more established Casa members to the next generation. Although a scheduling team is responsible for making sure that all shifts are covered, it is the employees themselves who pick which jobs they want to do and sign up for available time slots.

Even after employees become full-fledged members of the cooperative (a step that gains them an extra one dollar per hour), there is still room for advancement. They can opt to become members of the board of directors, each of whom earns an additional twenty-five to seventy-five cents per hour. This extra pay compensates them for the brainpower and energy required to determine Casa's procedures and policies each year. However, any worker is permitted to make suggestions for improving the business, and all worker-owners vote on whether to adopt the new practice. In the past, decisions have been made either by complete consensus or supermajority voting (at least 76 percent of owners agree). The cooperative recently shifted from the latter system back to the former in order to promote a better sense of fairness and democracy.

The median length of employment at Casa is five to seven years, and although turnover varies, it can often be rather low. Those involved in developing the restaurant's annual business plan have had to be creative in order to find ways to sustain revenue for as many as seventy workers at a time. For instance, the restaurant has a policy of tip-sharing among employees—a practice that allows Casa workers to take home several dollars more per hour than other Athens restaurant employees. The burgeoning payroll also spurred the cooperative's interest in diversifying by adding a bar (Casa Cantina and Bodega) next to the restaurant space and in selling its homemade salsa and limited harvest lines in local grocery stores and at the much-beloved Athens Farmers' Market. (Incidentally, while "Casa Nueva" can refer to the restaurant, cantina, bodega, or produce vendors individually, together they

fall under the umbrella of Casa's official name, The Worker-Owned Restaurant Corporation.)

Leslie Schaller, the last founding member still involved in the cooperative, says the business continues to make money and be competitive by "stay[ing] on the forward side of the trend curve." A case in point is Casa's long-standing commitment to sustainability. The restaurant recycles everything it can and makes alternative arrangements for any products the city of Athens' recycling scheme can't handle. For instance, waxed cardboard is returned to suppliers, who can reuse it in future shipments of produce. All kitchens have composting buckets that are emptied by community members; likewise, used oil is provided for those interested in making biodiesel.

Perhaps even more notable is Casa's commitment to buying from local producers—a practice that has both economic and ecological benefits. The restaurant currently buys from about twenty vendors in Athens County alone and from some twenty more elsewhere in the state. Locals are particularly fond of beers made at Athens' own Jackie O's, a microbrewery located just a couple of streets away from Casa, as well as products from Meigs County's Snowville Creamery and Herbal Sage Tea Company. Those who are willing to challenge their taste buds might try one of the many pawpaw products provided by Integration Acres, a farm in nearby Albany, Ohio. Pawpaws, fragile fruits with a notoriously short shelf life, are a good symbol of another important Casa tradition:

Casa Nueva Logo.

changing the menus periodically in order to take advantage of whatever ingredients are in season. Many of Casa's suppliers are also organic, and while the restaurant is by no means meatless, it does offer a wide variety of vegan and vegetarian dishes. As a result, most of the menu is not only fresh and locally sourced but also very healthy. As journalist Karen Thomas writes, Casa is a place where healthy food promotes a healthy local economy.

The restaurant is committed to maintaining its role as a "main gathering [place] for the social pulse and the conscience of the community"—a description included by journalist Lisa Stettler in her 1985 *Athens News* article on the budding new cooperative in town. To achieve this goal, the restaurant/cantina/bodega often feature pieces made by local artists and performances by local musicians. They encourage discussion by omitting distractions like television and Wi-Fi, and they will not hesitate to throw out "shufflers"—participants in the annual Ohio University Court Street shuffle, a type of pub crawl involving all thirty uptown drinking establishments. In fact, Casa takes a strong stance against irresponsible drinking in general, refusing to serve customers who have clearly reached their alcohol intake limit. Thanks to these policies, the restaurant has never had a liquor violation in all the years it has held a liquor license.

When *Ohio Magazine* voted Athens one of "Ohio's Best Hometowns 2009," writer Jenny Pavlasek pointed out that the town "walks the line between progressive and perpetually anchored by its Appalachian roots." This dichotomy is not only reflected in the story of Casa Nueva but is also the reason for its consistent success for nearly thirty years. Casa's website proudly proclaims a commitment to preserving traditions while also creating new opportunities and practices. For example, although the cooperative has been credited with "[raising] food literacy in the community," it also hopes to have a positive influence beyond Athens County. Ohio's most recent cooperative business law was inspired by the restaurant's practices, and co-op members regularly field questions from entrepreneurs from across the country, all seeking to emulate the success of this unusual business. Casa has been profiled by a number of newspapers and magazines, and more than one journalist has suggested that the cooperative could be a model not just for other businesses but for society in general. ❖

Caitlin Kight is a National Science Foundation research fellow at the University of Exeter's Tremough Campus in Penryn, United Kingdom. Her articles have appeared in *Bird Watcher's Digest*, *Birding*, and *Current Conservation*.

Roots (and Wings)

Grete M. Scott

Try to imagine
that first desperate reach
of root into earth,
delicate reed scrabbling fast
into dark wet soil.

The gesture seems
both blind and brave,
a self-birth of sorts,
life-marrow pushing out
into musty corners of cold earth.

And later, the nestling,
a child in its mother's arms,
the deep settling of the soil,
cradling each root
as above, branches soar toward the sky.

Grete M. Scott lives in Johnson City, Tennessee, and teaches writing courses at Milligan College.

Mesoamerican Kitchen Tools Find a New Use in East Tennessee

Fred Sauceman

Salvador Nuñez in the kitchen at Molcajetes Mexican Grill. Photo by Fred Sauceman.

Diners expecting chain fast food at 1504 West Stone Drive in Kingsport, Tennessee, got a spicy surprise on September 10, 2005. Burgers had yielded to burritos. Fries were replaced with fajitas. And the décor of the former Wendy's restaurant had evolved from cookie cutter to creative.

Daubing earthtone paint and hanging their nephew's wood carvings on the wall, Salvador and Regina Nuñez have made the space look like a Mexican home.

Salvador hails from La Piedad in the Mexican state of Michoacán; Regina from Sullivan County, Tennessee. Most times, at their Molcajetes Mexican Grill, she handles the cash register while he's in the kitchen stirring vats of rice and pots of beans. He likes interacting with his team of cooks, and he likes being able to see all his customers. Molcajetes isn't partitioned. You can stand at any spot in the restaurant and view every table.

When it came time to name the place, Salvador turned to his twin nieces, Laura and Lupita Nuñez, who still live in Michoacán. They're young ladies, but they reached far back into Mesoamerican prehistory to come up with the restaurant's moniker and its symbol. A molcajete is an ancient tool used in food preparation. It's a hollowed out hunk of lava rock—one of the earliest versions of a food processor. Using a tejolote, the grinding implement, cooks in the regions now known as Mexico and Central America have been mashing garlic and peppers in molcajetes for thousands of years. The molcajete is a close relative of today's mortar and pestle.

At Molcajetes Mexican Grill, four dozen of those volcanic rocks, hand-fashioned in Mexico, take on another function. They become serving bowls. After the molcajetes are heated to 500 degrees, marinated and grilled fajitas are raked into them and brought to the table smoking and

sizzling. It's a dish that gets attention.

As does the Super Sopapilla dessert. Flour tortillas are deep-fried, blanketed in butter and honey, sprinkled with cinnamon, and decorated with ice cream, whipped cream, chocolate, and cherries. Salvador says once someone orders one, in that open dining area where all is visible, the "what is that" whispers start. Pretty soon, half the restaurant is eating Super Sopapillas.

Unlike some Mexican restaurants in the area, the Molcajetes menu offers a wide selection of seafood. Credit Salvador's godfather, the late Pablo Mesa. He ran a ten-table restaurant in La Piedad and specialized in seafood soups. The Caldo de Mariscos served at Molcajetes is Pablo's recipe. It's a bowl of fish, crab legs, mussels, scallops, and shrimp in broth, along with potatoes, carrots, cabbage, tomatoes, and onions.

"Everybody likes it," says Salvador. "And our chicken soup (Caldo de Pollo) is my godfather's, too."

Molcajetes consistently wins first place during the Taste of Tri-Cities, part of Fun Fest, an annual summer celebration in Kingsport. And if there were a plaque for friendliness and enthusiasm, Salvador and Regina would carry that one home, too. ❖

A Latin Riff on Ramps

Fred Sauceman

Brenda Drennen's ramp repertoire is extensive. When I talked to her one afternoon in late February, she was literally up to her elbows in the wild mountain leek, harvested near her home in Mount Nebo, West Virginia.

Especially through her sales and sampling sessions at Tamarack: The Best of West Virginia in Beckley, Brenda has become known for sometimes unpredictable interpretations of the ramp, that unforgettable sign of spring in the Appalachian Mountains.

Emerald-hued ramp jelly and fluorescent ramp mustard join ramp vinaigrette dressing and hard-to-find jars of pickled ramps on the Tamarack shelf, all produced at the Farmer's Daughter, Brenda's business in Mount Nebo.

In 2008, she added a red product, ramp salsa.

"My husband, Jim, created it," Brenda tells me. "He loves ramps."

In addition to chip-dipping, Jim blends Farmer's Daughter ramp salsa into hamburger meat for grilling and laces his meatloaf with stout shots of it. And macaroni and cheese in the Drennen household has never been the same since Jim started topping it with ramp salsa.

"When we do tastings at Tamarack, people are so amazed," Brenda says. "The unique flavor of ramps really changes the salsa. Usually I encourage people to taste first, before they ask what's in there!" ❖

Fred Sauceman is the author of *The Place Setting*, a three-volume book series on the foodways of Appalachia. He has directed five documentary films. The most recent is entitled *Ramps and Ruritans: Tales of the Revered and Reeking Leek of Flag Pond, Tennessee*.

Cervantes Tamales

Aaron Owens

Tamales are not newcomers to Appalachia. They made their appearance long before the recent wave of Latino immigration. In the Johnson City, Tennessee, of the 1940s, for example, they were sold on downtown streets by African American vendor Will Cope.

His recipe, however, was quite different from this one we got from a Mexican family in southwest Virginia. The Cervantes family of eight settled in the small town of Lebanon, Virginia, in 2011. The six children, along with their mother, Blanca, were raised in Fallon, Nevada. Blanca was born in the border city of Tijuana but left Mexico when she was a small child. Blanca and her husband, Fransisco, came to Virginia in search of work, and he secured a job in construction.

The Cervantes' still have family in Mexico. Blanca's husband's family lives in the mountains outside Tijuana. Blanca recalls that the family does not have running water and that his parents walk a mile every day to collect water in buckets to take back to their home.

While the Cervantes family savors southern biscuits and gravy, their table in Lebanon is testament to their Mexican heritage. ❖

The Cervantes Family. Photo courtesy Aaron Owens.

Blanca's Tamales

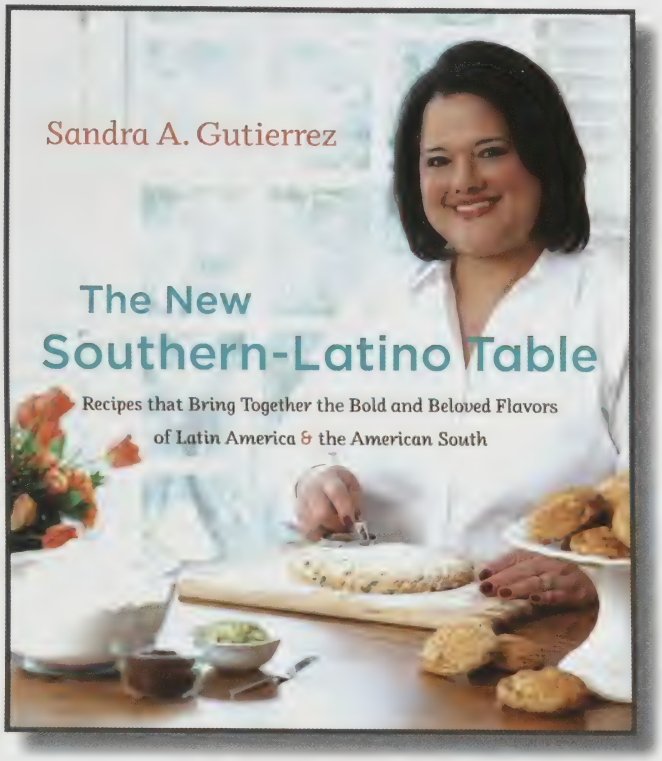
6 to 8 cornhusks
Bowl of warm water
1 cup manteca (lard or shortening)
1 cup potatoes, sliced
1 cup green olives, sliced
1 cup jalapeños, sliced
Pinch of salt
1 cup mazeca (corn flour)
Pork or chicken, cooked and shredded (about 3 cups)
Chili sauce

Soak cornhusks in warm water and beat manteca until it's fluffy. Add potatoes, green olives, jalapeños, and salt, to the manteca. Place cornhusks on a baking sheet and spread mazeca on the husks. Spread a spoonful of the manteca mixture on the floured corn husks. Then place a spoonful of the meat on the floured corn husk. Fold the tamales and place them in a steamer for one hour. Pour chili sauce over steamed tamales.

Aaron Owens is a graduate student in history at East Tennessee State University.

Country Fried Steaks with Cilantro-Lime Gravy

Sandra A. Gutierrez


Sandra A. Gutierrez
The New
Southern-Latino Table
Recipes that Bring Together the Bold and Beloved Flavors
of Latin America & the American South

When I think of the foods of the Appalachian region, I picture mounds of crispy fried chicken, platters of daintily stuffed deviled eggs, well-seasoned green beans with bacon, apple stack cakes so moist that they inspire finger-licking, and, of course, chicken fried steaks. Chicken fried steaks spoke to me from the moment a platter of these crispy cutlets was placed in front of me at a country diner. What confounded me a bit was the sight of the white gravy that drowned this classic Southern rendition. Milky and peppery, its flavor was completely new to me; but the concept of this dish was familiar. At first sight, chicken fried steaks reminded me of the *milanesas* of my childhood—deliciously breaded veal or beef cutlets usually drenched in lime juice or sandwiched in a bun. *Milanesas* are common all the way from Mexico to Argentina, and in every Latin country, they take on new characteristics. While Italian-influenced cooks in Buenos Aires might top theirs with tomato sauce and a slice of provolone, cooks in Guatemala, where I grew up, might stuff them into a roll with sliced avocado and spicy *chiltepines* (birds' eye peppers).

My interpretation brings both Southern and Latino cultures together on a plate. Rich gravy, aromatized with cilantro and lime, envelops thin beef cutlets. The place of milk gravy is occupied by a sour cream sauce that gets a pleasant kick from cilantro and jalapeños. Cube steaks (known as *bistec de palomilla* in places like Cuba) are creviced, and my cornmeal and masa harina crust sticks to the meat, producing a crispy coating. ❖

Country Fried Steaks with Cilantro-Lime Gravy

For the steaks:

6 cube steaks (about 1 ½ pounds), pounded to ¼-inch thickness
¾ cup masa harina
1/3 cup stone-ground cornmeal
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground cumin
½ teaspoon ground coriander
½ teaspoon chipotle chile powder (or cayenne pepper)
2 eggs, lightly beaten
Vegetable oil for frying

For the gravy:

¼ cup (1/2 stick) unsalted butter
½ cup minced white onion
1 cup finely chopped cilantro (leaves and tender stems)
½ cup lime juice (or more, to taste)
1 ½ cups sour cream
1 tablespoon minced jalapeño (seeded and deveined if less heat is desired)
Salt and white pepper, to taste

Preheat the oven to 250 degrees. Line a baking sheet with a metal cooling rack. In a large, shallow plate, combine the masa harina, cornmeal, salt, cumin, coriander, and chile powder; set aside. Working in batches, dip the steaks in the beaten eggs and coat both sides with the masa mixture, making sure to press down on the steaks so it adheres well. In a large skillet, heat 1 ½ inches of oil over medium to medium-high heat. Fry the steaks for 4-5 minutes on the first side and 3-4 minutes on the second side, or until the juices run clear and the crust is a golden brown (lower the heat if they're browning too quickly). Transfer the steaks to the prepared cooling rack and keep them warm in the oven while you make the gravy (or for up to 1 hour).

In a medium saucepan, melt the butter over medium heat; add the onions and sauté for 3-4 minutes, or until they're translucent (but don't let them brown). Add the cilantro and cook for 1 minute. Add the lime juice and bring the mixture to a simmer. As soon as it starts bubbling, remove the pan from the heat and stir in the sour cream and jalapeño; season with salt and pepper. Serve the steaks immediately with gravy on the side. Serves 4-6.

From *The New Southern-Latino Table: Recipes that Bring Together the Bold and Beloved Flavors of Latin America & the American South.*
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The Grace of Risen Dough

Jane Hicks

In death, my mother will stand elbow deep
in the yeasty flesh of dough as she did
five school days a week for over twenty years.
A stainless baker's table with three gleaming walls
holds the bounty of risen dough she embraces, folds,
kneads and pinches into trays and trays of air
light rolls, even the pickiest eaters anticipate.
"It's pretty work," she says "to watch the dough
rise, to work it, shape it, and watch the tops grow
delicious brown. Kind of like raising kids," she laughs.
She will set sacks of leftovers outside
the back door, nothing said, for those
who had no other supper, no heart to throw away
what might be needed. She believed
in a waiting time before Heaven,
work to be done before rest, so she will do
what she knows, embrace her work,
feed us all.

Jane Hicks is a writer and fiber artist from northeast Tennessee. Her first published poem appeared in *Now & Then* in 1987.

WWC Develops Global Exchange for Sustainability

Elizabeth Dacy

Representatives of WWC visit with members of the La Preciosita community to discuss future collaborations. Photo courtesy Warren Wilson College.

There is an understanding at Warren Wilson that the college experience is not limited to education within the classroom. Located in the Swannanoa Valley of western North Carolina, the college expresses it mission and values through "The Triad," learning and growth by means of service, work, and scholarship. It is understood, however, that opportunities for the Triad extend beyond attending Warren Wilson, residing in North Carolina, or studying within the United States. A joint initiative between the college's International Programs Office and the Environmental Leadership Center provides students and faculty the ability to study and work at foreign universities through the new Global Exchange for Sustainability Program.

Warren Wilson has established partnerships and agreements with a number of global universities in order to foster the exchange of community members through the program. "Both schools identify service and work opportunities for faculty and students around the idea of sustainability," explains Phillip Gibson, ELC community outreach director. Faculty may serve as visiting scholars, students may enroll at the partnering institution, and staff may participate in joint summer collaborative projects. WWC and partner schools look to build lasting relationships and gain a broader range of sustainable practices.

The GESP pilot program began in the fall of 2011 when WWC faculty and staff traveled to Puebla, Mexico, to investigate opportunities to collaborate with the Universidad Popular Autónoma del Estado de Puebla. WWC is particularly interested in providing Triad opportunities—work, service, and academics—to students there. UPAEP identified a pilot project and introduced the WWC to community leaders of the neighboring community of La Preciosita in order to discuss the management of their forest. The Universidad Popular Autónoma del Estado de Puebla is facilitating this collaboration.

According to Dr. David Ellum, WWC forest director and professor of sustainable forests, "La Preciosita is a small village with a population of approximately 850 people located thirty miles east of Mexico City and thirty-nine miles northwest of Puebla. In 1972, members of the community purchased a 1000-acre tract of forestland just outside the village from a priest. The land has significant religious and cultural value to the community, being the location of a miracle and a long history of religious events.

"In 2006, the Mexican State Forestry Ministry wrote a forest management plan for the parcel, which focused on economic value through timber harvesting," said Ellison. "Many in the community opposed the plan, instead favoring management that maintained the cultural, aesthetic, and ecological value of the land through forest conservation, community development, family recreation, and sustenance. In 2008, village leaders went to the Universidad Popular Autonoma del Estado Puebla for help in developing a new forest management plan."

Ellum and others from the college visited the La Preciosita village in the spring of 2012. "This opened a dialogue with the community of La Preciosita to better understand how the Sustainable Forestry Program at WWC might contribute to the community's forestry aspirations," Ellum explained. "We are investigating opportunities for involving WWC students in a long-term sustainability partnership with the community."

The work in Puebla serves as a preview for the possibilities of the exchange program and has developed an understanding of how such an arrangement can be mutually beneficial for both institutions. Gibson cited the example of how the UPAEP's medical school resources could provide an opportunity for pre-med students from WWC to further their research. Students taking Spanish courses could also benefit from attending the university in Puebla by immersing themselves in the language and Mexican culture. As the program evolves, both WWC and UPAEP will continue to explore opportunities for community service projects as well as research toward global sustainability in both Mexico and western North Carolina.

In late February and early March of 2012, UPAEP professor María Cristina Miranda Vergara served as a visiting faculty member at WWC for two weeks. She guest-lectured for a variety of classes in both social and biological sciences. She also visited a number of regional organizations that may provide research and service opportunities for students of UPAEP. Vergara teaches molecular cell biology, general physiology, cell biology, and an ecosystems course at UPAEP and is responsible for the school's environmental engineering and biotechnology engineering programs.

As a result of the ongoing success of Warren Wilson's partnership with UPAEP, other WWC professors are getting involved in the Global Exchange for Sustainability Program. History and political science professor Dongping Han and ELC interim executive director John Brock have received a grant from the Luce Foundation through the ASIANetwork Service Learning and Environment in Asia Program. With the grant funds, Han, Brock, and three WWC students, Mary Reding, Johnny Slaff, and Jacey Walrod, will travel to Kunming, China. There, the team will join their Chinese collaborators, Xiang Rong and his students at Yunnan University, to assess the hazardous exposures of urban waste pickers and develop amelioration strategies. The project will also explore why these waste pickers gave up farming in their rural ethnic villages and moved to the cities where they face significant socioeconomic barriers.

The International Programs Office and the Environmental Learning Center are looking toward the next steps with this new project. The offices will work to identify partnerships with other international universities where exchange opportunities can be developed.

"Right now, we are focusing on the Puebla project and making it exceptional," Gibson says. "The trajectory of the program is still being determined, but the focus will remain on WWC as a global community and identifying the skill sets necessary to help students promote the change they're seeking to make in the world." ❖

Elizabeth Dacy is a 2010 graduate of Warren Wilson College.

FESTIVALS IN APPALACHIA

Festivals are one of life's joys. While Appalachia is home to many treasured celebrations, recent festivals have reflected the changing demographic face of the region. Whether it is a festival or a fiesta, the goal remains the same: building community. The next four pages remind us that there is happiness in dance, in food, and in song—made all the sweeter because we celebrate together.

Each year on the first Saturday in May the city of Lexington, North Carolina, hosts an Annual Multicultural Festival. Photo courtesy Donnie Roberts, The Dispatch.

Above left: Monica Meza of Ballet Folklorico Guadalupano at Fiesta in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Photo courtesy Winston-Salem Hispanic League.

Above right: Honduran dancers perform at HoLa Festival in downtown Knoxville, Tennessee. Photo courtesy HoLa Hora Latina.

Right: Mexican Hats at the Corazón Latino Festival in Johnson City, Tennessee. Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

Left: Mariachi Mexico 2000 performing during Fiesta in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Photo courtesy Winston-Salem Hispanic League.

Corazón Latino Festival in Johnson City, Tennessee, in May 2012. Above: Dancers perform a traditional Mexican dance. Below: Taking a swing at the piñata in the ChicoZone. Photos courtesy Charlie Warden.

Left: Best Documentary Dislecksia:The Movie *screens during the inaugural Greenville (South Carolina) International Film Festival created by Miguel Berg from Colombia. The festival also features an award for the best film focusing on Hispanic or Latino culture. Photo courtesy Greenville International Film Festival.*

Right: Proceeds from the annual Hagerstown, Maryland, Hispanic Festival benefit scholarships for students of Hispanic descent at Hagerstown Community College. Photo courtesy Sergio Polanco.

Below Right: Festival attendees dance at the annual Latino Festival in Frederick, Maryland. The event features Latin American food, music, dance, and soccer. Photo courtesy Sergio Polanco.

Below Left: Pablo Palazón (left) and Stephen Bird at the Corazón Latino Festival sponsored by the Hispanic American Student Community Alliance at East Tennessee State University. Photo by Randy Sanders.

Above: A parade of flags representing various Hispanic countries at Winston-Salem's Fiesta. Photo courtesy Winston-Salem Hispanic League.

Left: The 2008 Hispanic Heritage Festival, Martinsburg, West Virginia. Photo courtesy Mid-Atlantic Hispanic Chamber of Commerce.

Below Left: Corazón Latino Festival in Johnson City, Tennessee. Photo courtesy Charlie Warden.

Below Right: Master of Ceremonies Sergio Polanco introduces the next band to perform at the annual Latino Harvest Festival in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Photo courtesy Sergio Polanco.

Juan Chiu's *Ritmo Latino*

Wayne Winkler

Juan Chiu during a Ritmo Latino *broadcast. Photo by Charlie Warden.*

A few minutes before seven o'clock on a Sunday evening, a dark, heavyset man is lighted by the eerie glow from an array of radio equipment and computer monitors, selecting the music he'll be playing that night. A stack of CDs from the radio station's music library sits on a countertop at his right, and he's rummaging through a briefcase full of his own CDs. He selects a disc and loads it into one of the CD players. Promptly at seven he hits the button to send the sound of Spanish singer Monica Naranjo to devoted listeners throughout East Tennessee, southwest Virginia, and western North Carolina.

"Hello and welcome to *Ritmo Latino*. I'm Juan Chiu." The voice is deep, rich, and Spanish-accented. After mentioning some of the music he'll be playing on tonight's show—Vicente Fernandez, Ricardo Arjona, Los Caribenos, Ana Gabriel—he repeats what he just said, this time in Spanish. A blinking light signals a phone call to the studio. A listener from Rogersville, Tennessee, and originally from Bolivia, requests a song he remembers from home.

Ritmo Latino—"Latin Rhythm"—is heard Sundays from seven until nine o'clock on WETS-FM/HD (89.5 MHz), the public radio station operated by East Tennessee State University. Chiu does the program live from the WETS studio. (The program is repeated later on WETS-HD 2.) It would be easier to pre-record the program, but Chiu enjoys hearing from the audience.

"I am a lucky person, because all the things I do—I love it!" exclaims Chiu. "I like to be enthusiastic. When you like the things that you do, you try to enhance them and do a better job."

Juan Chiu's enthusiasm was making an impact in his adopted hometown of Johnson City, Tennessee, long

before he took to the airwaves. His journey began in Guatemala, where he attended the military academy and embarked on a career. But he was tired of the political instability that seems endemic to Latin America and wanted more opportunity. "I was tired of living in the same way. I had family in the United States and they begged me to come to the United States." So, in 1969, the thirty-three-year- old Chiu and his wife moved to Rhode Island, where he worked for Texas Instruments.

Chiu at the Liberty Bell Soccer Complex in 1978. Photo courtesy Juan Chiu.

The Chius enjoyed the United States—"This country is a blessing. I love this country"—but they didn't like the New England weather. "We were tired of snow. In my country, we know nothing about snow, because it's the land of eternal spring. It's a beautiful country up there [in Rhode Island] but the snow is terrible." When he had the opportunity to transfer to the Texas Instruments plant in Johnson City, he jumped at the chance because he figured the southern location wouldn't have winter weather. They moved in February 1974—coincidentally the month WETS-FM first went on the air. As the Chius approached Bristol, "It started to snow. It was a shock!"

The Texas Instruments job wasn't all Chiu hoped it would be, so he took a position with Kennemetal and stayed until he retired twenty-five years later. Meanwhile, he took a course in coaching *futbol*—or, as it is known in the United States, soccer. He became the first licensed soccer coach in East Tennessee. Finding soccer players in a sports environment dominated by American football was a daunting task in the 1970s. People told Chiu that soccer was a "foreign" game. "I asked them, 'What language are we speaking? English! This game was created by the English, just like America. It's not foreign.'"

Chiu approached Lonnie Lowe with the Johnson City Parks and Recreation department. With Lowe's support, Chiu began the Dr Pepper Youth Soccer Program in 1977. The soft drink company provided t-shirts which served as uniforms for the seventy-five children who first signed up for the program. The goals were made of wood with tennis nets stretched across the back. Still, there was no place for the kids to play. Lonnie Lowe suggested the outfield at Cardinal Park, Johnson City's minor league baseball stadium.

"At that time, Cardinal Park was like a sanctuary; nobody can go over there and mess up the outfield of this park," recalled Chiu. However, Lowe felt the soccer team wouldn't hurt the outfield and gave his permission. "We destroyed the outfield, you know, because it had been raining. The following spring, we went to play in Memorial Stadium."

The Johnson City Parks and Rec teams now play at Civitan Park, and the athletic complex at Winged Deer Park is well-equipped with soccer pitches. One of the leagues is named for Juan Chiu, who continued to coach the younger kids and also took on the job as soccer coach for Milligan College.

By the time Chiu retired from Kennemetal, he had become involved with the growing Hispanic population in the Tri-Cities region, specifically the children of migrant workers. He has spent more than a decade working with migrant children, recruiting them for educational programs offered by ETSU's Language and Culture Resource Center and the Migrant Education Summer Project for Children.

An ETSU student, Martin Stephens, first approached WETS with the idea of a radio program focusing on Latino music. *Ritmo Latino* debuted in 1998 with students

hosting the bilingual program. Juan Chiu served as producer, arranging interviews with guests from the Hispanic community or from agencies providing services to Spanish speakers. The students soon graduated and left the program, and Chiu, who had never worked in radio before, took over as host. He is sometimes joined by a co-host, Dr. Tino Diaz.

On more than one occasion, *Ritmo Latino* has held events for migrant children involved in the summer education program. With microphones on the front porch of WETS and public address speakers on the walkway, Chiu hosted both the radio program and a party in the station's parking lot, complete with food, games, and dancing.

The variety of music Chiu plays on *Ritmo Latino* reflects the differences within the region's Latino community. "Latin music is very rich. From one country to another, the music is very different. The Mexican music has so many mixes. But if you go to the Caribbean, it's very different, more upbeat. [The audience] likes the mix. I try to talk a little bit about the culture of the countries, and the people enjoy that."

While striving for balance, Chiu acknowledges that music from Mexico dominates the Latino music scene. "Everywhere in Latin America, the influence of Mexican music is big. Why? Not only is it because of the variety of music, it's because they have the means to transmit it, not only to Latin America but all over the world."

Chiu is still heavily involved in issues dealing with migrant workers. "I am biased because I know how they are, and I am with them all the way. The United States, without these people, could not survive. Everything we eat, everything we have on the table every day, they put it there." The week we spoke, Chiu was scheduled to travel to Memphis and then to Cookeville on matters concerning migrant workers.

Despite his busy schedule, Juan Chiu claims he is slowing down—a little bit. After thirty-five years, 2011 was the first year he wasn't coaching soccer. "I miss it a lot because it's part of my life. But you have to realize that I'm old: I have a few things I can't do. I have the opportunity now; they don't need me much. I say it's time to quit."

Yet his dedication to his adopted home drives him to keep hosting *Ritmo Latino*. Co-host Dr. Diaz believes it's good for the seventy-five-year-old Chiu. "Keep doing what you're doing, because that's going to keep you how you are," he says.

"I love this area," adds Chiu. "All my family is gone but I still love it. This is the closest place to Paradise." ❖

Wayne Winkler is director of WETS-FM/HD on the campus of East Tennessee State University.

Music in Brief

Wayne Winkler

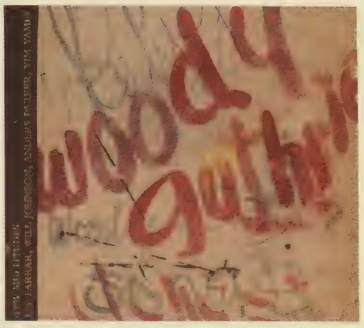
Carolina Chocolate Drops
Leaving Eden
Nonesuch Music

The latest release from the Carolina Chocolate Drops continues their exploration and interpretation of traditional African American string band music while incorporating change and growth. Following their 2010 Grammy-winning *Genuine Negro Jigs*, founding member Justin Robinson left the group, to be replaced by multi-instrumentalist Hubby Jenkins. Also joining Rhiannon Giddens and Dom Flemons on *Leaving Eden* are New Orleans-based cellist Leyla McCalla and renowned beatboxer Adam Matta, whose vocal percussion has melded with other roots music innovators such as The Wiyos. Renowned Nashville producer Buddy Miller creates a warm, intimate atmosphere for this collection of songs ranging from traditional string band numbers to Tin Pan Alley. The set kicks off with "Riro's House," a Piedmont tune learned from the Drops' mentor, Joe Thompson, wedded to a fife and drum rhythm from the north Mississippi hill country. Following the traditional "Kerr's Negro Jib," the Drops interpret the Cousin Emmy classic "Ruby, Are You Mad at Your Man," propelled by the beatboxing of Adam Matta. The standout element throughout this album is the voice of Rhiannon Giddens, from the exuberance of "Ruby" to the sassy celebration of divorce on Ethel Waters' "No Man's Mama." On the title cut, from North Carolina songwriter Laurelyn Dossett, Giddens beautifully expresses the sense of loss and loneliness of millworkers losing their jobs and homes. "West End Blues" is an Etta Baker instrumental with lyrics added by Giddens, while "Mahalla" comes from South African guitarist Hannes Coetzee. Dom Flemons is impressive on J.D. Mainer's "Run Mountain," simultaneously playing the four-string banjo and quill pipes while singing. The quill pipes are an African element Flemons adds to George Roarke's "I Truly Understand That You Love Another Man," originally recorded at the historic Ralph Peer sessions in Bristol, Tennessee. The set closes with an unaccompanied Rhiannon Giddens rendition of Hazel Dickens' "Pretty Bird." Following up a breakthrough release like *Genuine Negro Jigs* is a challenge, but the Carolina Chocolate Drops have done a superb job. ❖

Various Artists
Chimes of Freedom: The Songs of Bob Dylan
Amnesty International

Amnesty International was formed in 1962, with the objective "to conduct research and generate action to prevent and end grave abuses of human rights, and to demand justice for those whose rights have been violated." Bob Dylan released his first album that same year, and much of his music has focused on the same objectives as Amnesty International. Songs such as "The Times They Are A-Changing," "Blowin' in the Wind," "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll," "Hurricane,"

"Señor (Tales of Yankee Power)," and many others exposed and denounced injustice and helped motivate hundreds of thousands of people working to end it. To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of both the organization and the artist, Amnesty International released a four-CD set of reinterpretations of Dylan's music. The artists and styles heard on the seventy-six tracks of *Chimes of Freedom* range from the famous to the less-well-known, from pop to punk, from young (nineteen-year-old Miley Cyrus) to old (ninety-two-year-old Pete Seeger). There's plenty of star power in this set: Pete Townshend, Elvis Costello, Adele, Carly Simon, the Dave Matthews Band, Ziggy Marley, Joan Baez, Sting, and dozens of other familiar voices. Almost every cut is either newly-recorded or a previously unreleased live track. Some of the choices may seem odd, but they are all artists who have supported the goals of Amnesty, and nearly everyone turns in a performance that is at the very least credible. (An unfortunate exception is Ke$ha, whose mauling of "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right" should have been dropped from the set.) The standout performances include Pete Townshend's re-casting of "Corrina, Corrina" as a song about a political prisoner, Elvis Costello's "License To Kill," L.A. Celtic punk band Flogging Molly's rendition of "The Times They Are A-Changing," and Israeli singer Oren Lavie's haunting fusion of "4th Time Around" with the melody of the Beatles' "Norwegian Wood." The variety of artists on this collection is a testament to the continuing relevance of Dylan's music, and to the widespread commitment of the musical community to human rights. ❖



Farrar, Johnson, Parker, Yames
New Multitudes
Rounder Records

These don't sound like Woody Guthrie songs. At least, they don't sound like the Woody Guthrie songs we all know and love, the songs about migrant workers, the Dust Bowl, and this land that was made for you and me. But Guthrie was a prolific songwriter, and not all of his material was meant for union rallies and leftist gatherings. Before he died of Huntington's Disease in 1967, he left hundreds of song lyrics, in notebooks or jotted on scraps of paper scattered from Brooklyn to Los Angeles. Daughter Nora Guthrie has gathered these lyrics and invited other artists to add music and bring these songs to life. British singer/activist Billy Bragg teamed up with the alt-country band Wilco in 1998 to create *Mermaid Avenue*, a collection of songs written when Guthrie lived in the Coney Island neighborhood of Brooklyn with his wife and children. (A second volume was released in 2000, and a third is expected in 2012.) Jonatha Brooke also mined Guthrie's unpublished songs in 2008 for *The Works*. As Jay Farrar looked through more than 3,000 songs, he kept coming back to songs written in California—not the California of Guthrie's youth, when he composed many of the songs for which he is best known, but the California of the late 1940s and 1950s. By then, Guthrie's wife had divorced him and he was beginning to feel the degenerative effects of the undiagnosed disease that would eventually kill him. Farrar teamed with Will Johnson, Anders Parker, and Yim Yames to interpret these songs from a troubled and frightening period of Guthrie's life. Some of the songs, like "Hoping Machine," "Fly High," and "Old L.A.," represent Guthrie keeping his fears at bay with optimistic sentiments, while "Careless Reckless Love" and "Talking Empty Bed Blues" reflect his sadness and yearning. "My Revolutionary Mind" uses political language to describe his very personal romantic yearnings. "No Fear" deals with Guthrie's awareness of his own mortality, but the collection ends with "New Multitudes," Guthrie's hope that new generations would take up the social causes

he espoused. Farrar, Johnson, Parker, and Yames recorded much more, and that material will be released, possibly this year to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Guthrie's birth. We can expect more Guthrie tribute albums before 2012 ends, but *New Multitudes* has set a very high standard for them to meet. ❖

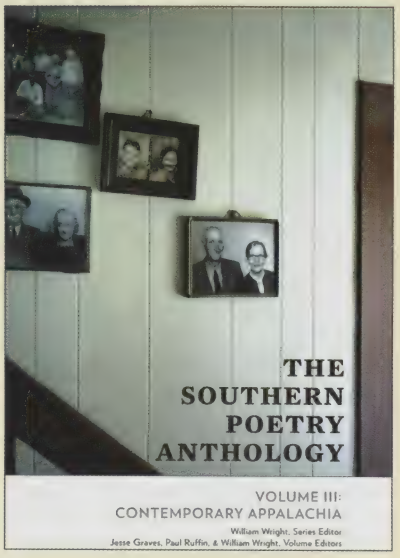
Ras Alan
Organic
Red Pepper Records

Where is the common ground among Bob Marley and the Wailers and the Carter Family? As it turns out, that common ground is in the mountains of East Tennessee and western North Carolina. That's the home turf of Ras Alan, the creator of reggabilly, a fusion between these two seemingly disparate genres. Alan began creating this hybrid music almost twenty years ago. Since then, his music has been performed in venues from the Bristol Rhythm and Roots Reunion to the National Mall in Washington, D.C. Ras Alan's newest release reflects the improvised "do it yourself" ethic that marks traditional life in both rural Appalachia and rural Jamaica. He and his family built a home studio from bamboo, spruce, and local hemlock and equipped it with a recording computer made from salvaged parts. Alan plays all the instruments himself, including a handmade flattop guitar, mandolin, piano, organ, bass, drums, hand drums, and percussion. The songs are a celebration of life, nature, and roots, both musical and familial. The uplifting reggae beat is joined by an Appalachian sensibility that makes Ras Alan's reggabilly unique. From the opening guitar scratch of the title song to the crickets on the fadeout of "Days Gone By," *Organic* continues Ras Alan's joyous exploration of the genre he created. ❖

ETSU Celtic Band
A Carrying Stream
Now and Then Records

East Tennessee State University's world-renowned Bluegrass, Old Time, and Country Music Studies program also features Celtic bands. In January of 2011, three Celtic Band students, along with Jane MacMorran, a Celtic fiddler and director of ETSU's Appalachian, Scottish, and Irish Studies program, recorded several songs in preparation for a trip to Northern Ireland and Scotland. The result, *A Carrying Stream*, produced by Will MacMorran and engineered by Ben Bateson, is the first project to be entirely produced at the new ETSU Recording Lab. Opening with a rousing "Go to Town," a contemporary song by Scottish singer Emily Smith, the disc alternates between traditional songs and contemporary pieces by the likes of Brendan Graham, John McCusker, and Addie Harper. MacMorran's fiddle is joined by Lindsay Amore on vocals and guitar, Mary Hayes on vocals, and Marcianne O'Day on fiddle and vocals. The original vocal arrangements are outstanding, and the sparse instrumentation—minus the pipes, bodhráns, and harps often associated with Celtic music—highlights the essential connection between Celtic and Appalachian styles. The intimate ambiance suggests a few quite talented friends playing music for their own enjoyment—always a hallmark of the best recordings in any genre. ❖

PAGES



The Southern Poetry Anthology: Volume III
Contemporary Appalachia
William Wright, Series Editor
Jesse Graves, Paul Ruffin, & William Wright, Volume Editors
Texas Review Press
Huntsville, Texas, 2010
$26.95 (paperback), 318 pages

In his introduction to this collection, Jesse Graves, one of the book's editors, refers to the volume as "a snapshot album of a timeless place, as it is represented at the present moment." It is an apt description. The volume presents an expansive, representative collection of poems from eighty poets of Southern Appalachia. Their works offer vivid portraits of the character of the people, the importance of land and place, the value of memories and traditions, and the diversity of voices singing throughout the region. The anthology includes such well-established writers as Jeff Daniel Marion, Robert Morgan, Kathryn Stripling Byer, Ron Rash, Frank X Walker, and Ricardo Nazario Y Colón as well as emerging poets: Melissa Range, Janice Townley Moore, and Charlotte Spencer.

One of the difficulties of compiling the volume was to identify which poets are truly Southern Appalachian. The editors wisely chose to let the poets "self-identify," and so the reader takes on faith each poet's strong connection with Southern Appalachia. What evolves from the collection is a vibrant portrait of and testament to the diversity and power of the poetry currently being written in the region. It is an important volume both for the individual reader and for use in the classroom and poetry workshops.

The volume reveals that there are an impressive number of award-winning poets writing in Southern Appalachia, and it reveals the recurring themes which contemporary poets embrace: a love of and respect for the land and the natural world, the richness of the region's storytelling traditions, an abiding sense of humor, the history of struggle and exploitation of the land and its people, awareness of the passage of time and the inevitability of change, strength of character, and strong emotional connections to the region.

Poets Joseph Banthanti, Edison Jennings, and Maurine Manning evoke humor and the color of Appalachian voices. As Banthanti writes in his poem "The Vilas Flood": "whatever might dislodge from largesse and parsimony." The volume is rich in both masculine and feminine voices, older and younger poets, and a diversity of poetic styles. Poems by Linda Parsons Marion, Jane Sasser, and Rita Sims Quillen, for example, speak to us vividly about personal loss, the healing power of memory, and the strength of women's voices. There are poems rich in the natural life of the region: wild onions, black locust, goldenrod, kudzu, and ramps, as described by poet John Crutchfield, their feral smell tainting "both skin & breath for days."

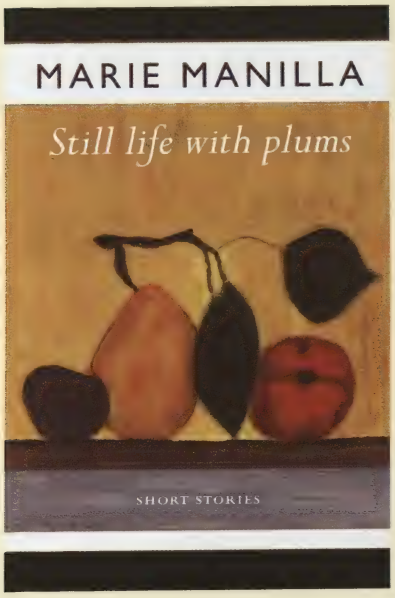
Many poems tell of loss and the destruction of the land and its people, as in Connie Jordan Green's "Coal Mining Camp, Kentucky, 1935" and Jackson Wheeler's "The TVA Built a Dam," in which a multitude of different names is "submerged now, into one name."

Music figures strongly in this anthology. In "The Girl Singer," Marianne Worthington writes of a black Gibson guitar that "sounds lonesome as an old grave."

Several poems speak to religious heritage, as in Ted Olson's "Baptism" and Ron Rash's poem about a preacher who takes up serpents and concludes, "Only the serpents sense the truth."

In Robert Morgan's poem "Prophet," the speaker considers an ancient bristlecone pine that stands high on the ridge holding out a green arm "to pass on to the next eon / one word still spoken from the root." These words apply beautifully to the volume itself. ❖

Ernest Lee is professor of English and director of the Appalachian Center at Carson-Newman College in Jefferson City, Tennessee.



Still Life with Plums
Marie Manilla
Vandalia Press, an imprint of
West Virginia University Press
Morgantown, West Virginia
$16.95 (paperback), 185 pages

Still Life with Plums, by prize-winning author Marie Manilla, a native of Huntington, West Virginia, is informed by Manilla's lifelong connection to Appalachia but is by no means stereotypical. In the story "Amnesty," Hector arrives from Guatemala to live with his cousin, Ana. Hector's story reflects an Appalachia of strong family ties, where people struggle to earn a living working as domestics and day laborers and are often crowded into tiny houses. The only room where Hector can sleep is the little room Ana has made into a chapel, where photos of loved ones who were "disappeared" in Guatemala are displayed along with photos of those still living under despotism. With relics and images of the lost, the chapel becomes a sanctuary for a broken man. As his physical health improves, Hector is expected to get a job and pay his way. Ana, who has championed him, takes him with her to her job as a domestic. There, he finds an occupation, not earning money as his family expects, but nevertheless discovering unforeseen meaning.

Even when circumstances sound familiar, Manilla's characters offer surprising responses. Sarah, the main character in "Get Ready," lives in "the Appalachians, the forest of trees. . . . If she could just get to flat land where the horizon was a straight line that stretched for miles and miles maybe she would feel safe." Although she thinks in terms of geography, her desire to escape is really about leaving an untenable situation: She preys on men, stealing from them, and teaches her daughter to steal, too. She has fled from an abusive husband, has no skills, no self-esteem, and no will to change, other than to keep on running. Her story is not informed by where she lives but is a story about the wretched situation poor, unskilled, single mothers find themselves in. When she takes up with a decent man who treats her and her daughter with respect, it seems that her life is going to get better, but she makes a surprising choice.

Natalie, in "Still Life with Plums," is an acclaimed writer whose first book, written while she was an undergraduate, became an overnight success. Since then, she has raised a son, worked on her second novel, and lived with a husband she has no interest in, while caring for her ailing mother. Although accomplished, financially solvent, and in a seemingly secure marital relationship, Natalie is depressed and restless. At a writers' workshop in

Arizona, she finally rebels against the system.

In the semi-autobiographical story "Hand. Me. Down.," Manilla writes, "Grandma would slur: *Why did you have to marry a coal miner, for God's sake,* a puzzling dig at our West Virginia roots since Dad was a telephone lineman and Grandma knew that." This story and others in the collection reveal Manilla's understanding of the mistakes we make in not seeing who people really are. The stories may be situated in Appalachia, but they are full of characters who could just as easily live elsewhere. All are trapped as much by their psychology as their location and consequently behave in surprising, even shocking, ways.

In this her first published collection, Manilla shows us the complexity of people who are both motivated by and limited by their perspectives. Manilla's eloquent language, tactile descriptions, gritty characters, and understanding of the human condition make her an important new Appalachian writer. ❖

Christina St. Clair, author of the novel *Unexpected Journey*, lives in Rush, Kentucky.

Rushlight: Poems
Chris Green
Bottom Dog Press
Huron, Ohio, 2009
$15 (softcover), 99 pages

Several of the poems in *Rushlight* appear to be occasional, with an assured, colloquial voice, as in "Involvement, Liability," in which the humor controls the hapless pathos of the speaker, who refers to himself in the second person, a fellow whose car broke down on Interstate 75:

> Finally the tow arrives.
> You descend into Cincinnati
> and learn a new language:
> when the driver says "On Wednesday?"
> you think he says "A Winston?"
> You say sure you'd love
> a cigarette, and he gives one
> to you anyway because he feels
> sorry for the dumb.

Further reading reveals that the occasional poems are integral to the book as a whole. They are absorbed by a theme, a perspective from which life is viewed. Without presenting a philosophical, religious, or political point of view, Green has a

personal history to shape into poems. His focus is on family and on intimate relationships, although his view is peripheral, from an attic or a basement, for example. In the poem "Sump," he and his stepfather hear a wail, "And it comes again. / Clear, exact, soft. Comes over the rain, over my mother's breath. / It comes again, again even over the silence of the rising water." That wail is sometimes referred to as "world sorrow," an acknowledgment that, whatever our efforts, we will suffer the consequences of merely existing.

In "Tabula Rasa," the subject is a grandfather's suicide and an uncle's insanity: "I enter the basement through you into namelessness, / that undisturbable darkness that each must leave behind." "Any Darkness Can Be Yours" begins in a basement amid family castoffs and then shifts to a memory: "Your lover is not pleased you are protecting someone / from the dark since this is how love is made. / In dark, from the dark, pushing back dark." It ends with these lines:

> Listen, any darkness can be yours.
> Stop on the side of the road
> Let it slip in—it is yours. Or if it calls
> beyond the street light, reach out. It is yours.
> And if you take it up,
> it is yours. And if it slays you, it is yours.
> Or if you leave it on the side of the road,
> go do laundry, if you pass
> it by to deal only with your own sweet
> awful darkness? Then, O, then, it
> is yours.

The poem is a beautifully realized statement that, confronted by a meaningless universe, we must also admit to the darkness within ourselves, a point of view which is a relief from the cliché that love is an anodyne for meaninglessness.

Even in a discursive poem, "Door to Door," the theme of impending chaos is reiterated: "You have returned / to wrap your parents' things & send / them along. . . . Now a shell / that hosts your brief return—shelter / from a demanded divorce, from your five- / year-old's crying."

However, in another discursive poem, "Civic Center," about the injustices perpetrated on blacks and low-income whites with the building of the Civic Center and Rupp Arena in Lexington, Kentucky, poetry can transform anger and apathy into awareness and activism:

> Your poems converse,
> beginning the world. When the first rhyme
> rose from a young man's lips,
> splitting words in the silence of the night,
> thunder celebrated and split the air.
> He caught the tang on his tongue,
> and for a moment spoke with a sun
> in his mouth.

The writing and reading of poems offer some resistance against the frightening darkness which impinges on our lives, and though the poem "Who I am Writing To" is a bit surreal and confusing, the conclusion is clear enough. The poet is writing, "Not for the dead, but for the dog." A clearer statement is made in "To Genna Who Thinks Poems Are Dumb," which concludes with the lines: "Dumb as the mother's hand rolling / through her hair." The implication is obvious: If poetry is dumb, so is the love a mother expresses for her daughter.

And this is from "Plenty":

> While Love burned and Gabby beat Rosa
> with a pillow, Joe doused them all with dish water.
> The greasy world was whirling, it reeked of liquid joy.

Rushlight shows us that love, however chaotic and temporary, is an energy capable of overcoming darkness. ❖

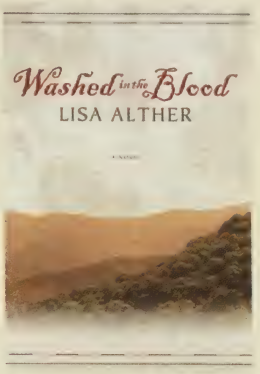
Vic Depta is the publisher of Blair Mountain Press. His most recent book is *Brother and Sister: A Memoir.*

Books in Brief

Edwina Pendarvis

Head Off & Split
Nikky Finney
TriQuarterly Books, Northwestern University Press, 2011

Winner of the 2011 National Book Award for Poetry, Nikky Finney's *Head Off & Split* cuts sharp and deep. In telling what "head off and split" means to her, Finney says she's "come to use life's points and edges to uncover life's treasures." With an exuberant, creative strength, she does just that. Her poetry honors the loving attention hardworking people give to their tasks and pleasures in trying to make a good life, and it skewers the facile cruelty, greed, and ambition of successful exploiters. The language of the poems expresses a luxurious sensuality—the "Head over Heels" section particularly—as well as Finney's indignation at injustice and her compassion for the people left behind on the rooftops after Hurricane Katrina and on the streets almost anywhere. Among the fascinating characters she creates are the fishmongers of her old neighborhood, heroines Rosa Parks and Wilma Rudolph, and Ferragamos shoes. These serious, scathing, and tender poems are a fitting tribute to the beloved poet and good woman Lucille Clifton, to whom the book is dedicated. ❖



Washed in the Blood
Lisa Alther
Mercer University Press, 2011

The first third of this historical novel is devoted to a Spanish swineherd, Diego Martin, who arrives in Florida in 1567 with an explorer who served with DeSoto. By the end of this section, Diego has been abandoned by the leader of the expedition and accepted into the company of Cauchi Indians. The second section of the book is set in southwestern Virginia and takes up with one of Diego's descendants, the newborn, Galicia. The word "Melungeon" isn't used—maybe because it's been used pejoratively in the past—but this story about Appalachians of mixed racial heritage includes circumstances associated with Melungeons. The mistreatment of dark-skinned people is at the heart of this novel. In moving from Diego's adventures in the "New World" to 1930 and a cliffhanger of an ending, the story elaborates on the question implied by its title, *Washed in the Blood*—what does it mean to be Christian, or more broadly, to be a good person? Without moralizing, Alther's work considers our responsibilities to each other in matters of race, gender, sex, marriage, and parenthood. ❖

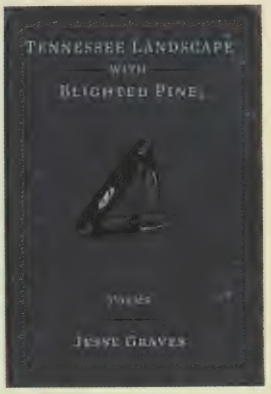
Dear Appalachia: Readers, Identity, and Popular Fiction Since 1878
Emily Satterwhite
University Press of Kentucky, 2011

In an innovative approach to research, Satterwhite analyzed authors' fan mail and readers' Internet reviews of popular fiction to learn about attitudes toward Appalachia. She studied readers' responses to fiction ranging from early "bestsellers" like Mary Noailles Murfree's *In the Tennessee Mountains* and John Fox Jr.'s *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* up through contemporary fiction, such as Charles Frazier's *Cold Mountain*,

Silas House's *Clay's Quilt*, Adriana Trigiani's *Big Stone Gap*, and Jan Karon's *At Home in Mitford*. She suggests that urban readers of Appalachian fiction are looking for a "safe, happy place" where they can "savor the simple things." Some Appalachian fiction helps satisfy that desire by oversimplifying the culture, and Satterwhite calls such books "community fantasy" novels. For city dwellers, with or without roots in Appalachia, this region seems to be a site for nostalgia. Her study also suggests the likelihood that the Appalachian region offers some readers an imagined site for a racialized—white—refuge from contemporary urban society. ❖

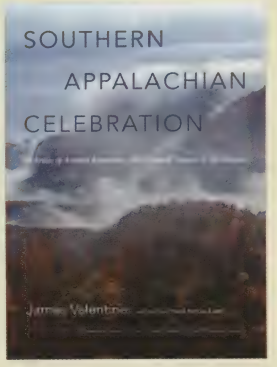
Lord of Misrule
Jaimy Gordon
McPherson & Company, 2010

Winner of the 2010 National Book Award for Fiction, Gordon's novel is set at Indian Mound Downs, a second-rate racetrack near Wheeling, West Virginia. A coming-of-age story, the book features fixed races, drugged horses, and trainers connected to Baltimore's organized crime syndicate. Maggie, in her mid-twenties, is eager for adventure and ready to try almost anything with her handsome boyfriend. Sex, kidnapping, insanity, and murder figure in her life at the track, and the novel concludes with Maggie's growing awareness of the costs attached to choices she has made. One of several memorable characters in a novel full of them is Medicine Ed, a seventy-two-year-old groom, with years of experience "rubbing" horses at stables across the country. Originally from South Carolina, he stays in a battered Winnebago near the back gate of the racetrack and hopes, with a little help from voodoo dust, to win enough money to live out his old age with some security. ❖



Tennessee Landscape with Blighted Pine: Poems
Jesse Graves
Texas Review Press, 2011

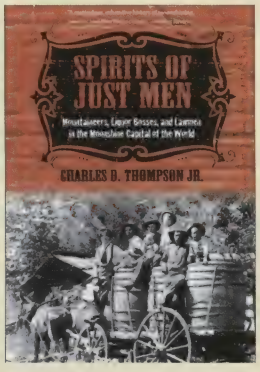
This collection is quintessentially Appalachian, tracing connections with the past, with family, and with place, using natural, direct language. One dimension that gives a new perspective to the collection is its reflection on loss of memory, in, for example, a poem about an herbalist grandmother, whose mind "left a little at a time . . . dropping what she knew about cures in the foliage." In one of the most poignant poems, "Little Girl and the Dreadful Snake," Graves writes about his great-uncle, who sings scary ballads, accompanying himself on his homemade guitar, and whose bedrooms are wallpapered with jigsaw puzzles. Its theme is the role of art in efforts to survive. Past and present, made meaningful by the universal search for what is beautiful, come together in the last poem, "Big Elm Point." The narrator fishes until evening, bypassing all other inducements until he finally catches a bluegill that he and his daughter admire in the evening light and then let go. ❖



Southern Appalachian Celebration, In Praise of Ancient Mountains, Old-Growth Forests, and Wilderness
James Valentine with text by Chris Bolgiano
University of North Carolina Press, 2011

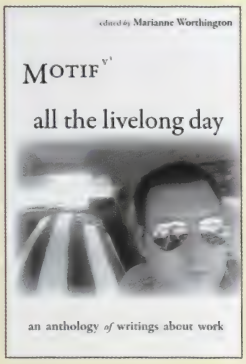
This over-sized "coffee table" book of color photographs is divided into sections: "Thinking Biodiversity," "Thinking like a Mountain," "Thinking like a Meadow/Bald," "Thinking like a Wildflower," "Thinking like a

Forest," "Thinking like a Waterway," and "Thinking like a Sacred Place." The book brings together biological knowledge and reverence for the natural world, portraying "a heartbreakingly beautiful and biologically rich part of our country." In addition to its gorgeous photography, the book includes narratives that explain the importance of interconnections between old forests to encourage outbreeding and biodiversity, the botanical interconnections of a global nature that underlie the mountain flora, and connections between the mountains and Appalachian cultural lore and customs. The book offers enticing glimpses of the past within our present—stunning images of "remnants of the Great Forest . . . that covered most of eastern North America when Europeans arrived." ❖



Spirits of Just Men: Mountaineers, Liquor Bosses, and Lawmen in the Moonshine Capital of the World
Charles D. Thompson, Jr.
University of Illinois Press, 2011

"My life would not be possible without the moonshine past," says Charles Thompson. His ancestors were involved in the illegal manufacture of the millions of gallons of whiskey produced in Franklin County, Virginia, in the early twentieth century, and his research connects family, local, and national history in showing how integral to the local economy bootlegging was. Thompson's analysis is structured around three trials held in the mid-1930s. In his book, several Virginians emerge in detail that is both scholarly and full of human interest. Two figures are linked: Tom Bailey, a federal agent, and Carter Lee, Franklin County's District Attorney. Bailey collected evidence for the first trial, in which Lee and thirty-four of Franklin County's most powerful men were charged with conspiracy to avoid paying federal taxes. Lee was one of three defendants found innocent. Jury-tampering and even murder were suspected to have influenced the trial. The second trial sought convictions for jury-tampering. The third trial, for the murder of a witness, found Bailey and Lee seeking, with perhaps quite different motives, a conviction against two brothers. This dramatic, true story is set inside historical accounts of agriculture, religion, and education in the area. ❖



All the Livelong Day: An Anthology of Writings about Work
Marianne Worthington, Editor
Motes Books, 2011

The stories, essays, and poems in this anthology are about jobs—"circus clown, methamphetamine maker, entomologist, film projectionist, car hop, faith healer, and prison guard"—and about the anxieties of joblessness. Some of the 130 contributing authors' names will be familiar to Appalachian readers: Joyce Dyer, George Ella Lyon, Linda Parsons Marion, Dick Hague, Frank X Walker, Llewellyn McKernan, and Silas House, for example. Many, however, will be new. Among the most compelling pieces in this book are Eileen Malone's "What Is Not There," about a woman whose job is opening oysters in an oyster bar; Norman Minnick's "Biplane," about a man with no means of supporting his family; and Amber Whitley's essay about her Peace Corps work during a freezing winter in Kazakhstan. Whitley's memory of helping an older woman through the snow is an important reminder of the generosity of so many young people today: "I walk in front of her to act like a plow, clearing the path." ❖

Documentary Describes an Annual Cuban Reunion in East Tennessee

Brad Lifford

List Of Returning Captives

Another refugee center asked. Page 2C.

By HAL HENDRIX
Miami News Latin American Editor

Names of the 54 sick and wounded Cuban invasion prisoners who will be flown from Havana to Miami Saturday morning were received here today.

The four negotiators of the Cuban Families Committee now in Havana sent the identities of the captives to be released in a telegram to their headquarters, 1780 Biscayne Blvd.

The negotiations also reported from Cuba that they would return with the freed wounded and ill.

The text of the message sent from Cuba:

After second interview with Dr. Fidel Castro we are glad to inform you and all the families that we will arrive at Miami this coming Saturday fourteenth flight 422 arriving 11 a.m.

Taking with us 54 wounded and seriously sick whose liberty has been ordered and whose indemnification will be taken care of under the responsibility of the committee.

Upon our arrival we will

Continued on Page 6A, Col. 3

The following names are those listed for return here Saturday:

Jorge Vega Casas
Serafin Gonzalez Gomez
Pablo Campos Gutierrez
Julio Mario Diaz
Humberto Cortina Lopez
Rene Lamar Maza
Armando Alayon Hernandez
Jose Manuel Angel Pomar
Manuel Rodriguez Fleitas
Pedro Arnau Garcia
Fernando Martinez Reina
Emilio Juncosa Delgado

Carlos Allen Dosal
Heriberto Fernandez Ortega
Luis Morse de la Barrera
Secundino Abut Hipo
Valentin Leyva Enriquez
Rene Hernandez Fresneda
Bernardo Gutierrez Gonzalez
Juan Figueras Valdes
Jose Ramon Fernandez Oliva
Lorenzo Porlo Valdes
Felipe Morin Rodriguez
Rafael Hernandez Nodarse
Hubert Hernandez Hernandez
Raul Hernandez Hernandez

Jesus Delgado Garcia
Ruben Perez Rovira
Tomas Vazquez Casanova
Luis Medina Perez
Candido Sierra Reyes
Enrique Ruiz Williams
Oscar Sanchez Hernandez
Pablo Castellon Hernandez
Luis Figueroa Gonzalez
Reynaldo Torrente Espina
Rolando Toll Gonzalez
Anastasio Suarez Viera
Mario Muxo Iraguirre
Jose Castano Fernandez

Eduardo Zayas Bazan
Rolando Pazos Diaz
Guillermo Guerra Hernandez
Luis L. Milo Martinez
Rolando Caseres Hernandez
Obilio Suarez Santos
Julio Canizares Gutmbos
Adalberto Sanchez Rodriguez
Felipe Silva Cadenas
Ricardo Barroto Diaz
Enrique Hernandez Acevedo
Jose Ignacio Smith
Jose Martinez Suarez
Noelio Montero Diaz

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Just fine. Some sun, some clouds and lots of warmth (82 to 86 degrees).

Complete Weather
On Page 4A

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Photo courtesy Eduardo Zayas-Bazán.

Being a native of the South, I've been around barbecue pits all my life. I've witnessed the construction of makeshift concrete-block-and-metal monuments where hardwood and charcoal are shoveled in throughout the night and into morning, everyone involved smelling deliciously of smoke in anticipation of the meat that will emerge when the time is just right. Because of the long hours spent tending and presiding over the pit, it's often a prime place for stories to be told and heard.

Mountain Mojo: A Cuban Pig Roast in East Tennessee, a documentary produced by East Tennessee State University, is about flavor and sustenance on one level but on another, its subject is culture and lineage and history.

I had heard about the Cuban pig roast, held in the Tri-Cities region of northeast Tennessee, long before I learned the story behind it, and most importantly, the man behind the roasting. The legacy of Eduardo Zayas-Bazán and his family is unfurled with care and attention to detail in this film by ETSU's Office of University Relations and Center for Appalachian Studies and Services.

Formerly a professor of Spanish at ETSU in Johnson City, Zayas-Bazán now lives in Miami. But he and his wife, Lourdes, return in the fall each year to East Tennessee to reunite with family and friends at the pig roast. The poignancy of that return visit is apparent at the beginning, when it's made clear that this story is of two pilgrimages: one that is fulfilled and one that has yet to be.

"I left Cuba for the last time in April of 1962," Eduardo says at the beginning of the film. "I haven't returned yet."

A survivor of the Bay of Pigs invasion, Eduardo has an amazing story, and all who see the documentary will learn something about roasting a pig, about love of family, about love of country.

Drawing from the Cuban tradition of roasting pork—a choice made in part, Eduardo explains, because pigs were plentiful on the island—the pit tenders gather each year at Allandale Mansion in Kingsport around a construct of blocks, iron grates, and a metal hood, created by Eduardo and a group of friends in 1971.

The word "mojo" (pronounced mo-ho) refers to the Cuban citrus marinade that mixes garlic, salt, pepper,

oregano, and grapefruit juice. The grapefruit juice itself is a symbol of immigrant adaptation. When the pig roast tradition began in East Tennessee in the 1970s, sour orange, valued by Cubans, was not available.

When the pig is finished and carving begins, it's a visceral moment. The meat nearly explodes with juices, contained by charred skin that looks delectable. There's a reason for that, Eduardo explains.

"We consider the skin a delicacy. The first thing you want to do when a pig is done is to go after the skin. And taste that skin. It's a very special taste that we love."

This is one of a series of documentaries about Southern foodways produced by ETSU, and *Mountain Mojo* is particularly moving and artful, as it underscores how love in various forms can be inherently joined with food and cooking. With an intriguing blend of interviews of family and friends, as well as photos of pre-Castro and post-Castro Cuba, the complex emotions and sense of history are thoroughly well-defined, and somehow in only thirty minutes.

Eddy Zayas-Bazán, Eduardo's son, provides a sense of that family tie when he explains how he almost was not able to return for the annual roast.

"It's tremendously important; it's an emotional event for me," he says. "When I miss a pig roast, I feel like I've missed a family reunion. The passion that my father exudes, if I can just exude half that passion and make people happy the way he does, what a legacy for me. It's very important. Very important."

Among the photos and interviews, there is another crucial facet of this documentary: newsreel footage of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Eduardo Zayas-Bazán was there, as a frogman, because he was a good swimmer.

There is a particularly fascinating passage that explains what many of today's generation may not know: that the takeover by Castro, at first, was seen by many as a positive development for the nation. Speaking of his departure from Cuba in 1960, Eduardo touched on the hope that quickly expired for many:

"It was clear that Fidel Castro had already betrayed the original revolution, which was a revolution to get rid of a dictator," he remembers. "When I left in September of 1960, it was almost two years after Fidel Castro had come to power. He had already confiscated private property in Cuba, the means of communication, all of the television stations, the newspapers, the radio stations. It was clear he was a Communist, and I decided to fight the system. I came to the United States in September of 1960 knowing I was going to join an invasion, and that's exactly what I did."

He was captured by Cuban troops during that disastrous invasion and spent a year in prison. Even in captivity, though, there was meaning in food. In the film, Eduardo tells of the joy that a simple serving of black beans brought him in prison, with ingredients carried in once a month by family members. For the pig roast in Tennessee, Eduardo cooks the black beans himself. It's an old family recipe, and he makes enough to feed around 100 people.

After that year in prison, Eduardo and fellow prisoners were freed in exchange for ransom provided by the United States government.

Though this film is at its heart a story of celebration, of family, and of pig roasting, there is a wistfulness, a hope that a man and family who were forced from their native country could see it again.

Dr. Robert J. "Jack" Higgs is a retired ETSU English professor and longtime friend of Eduardo's. Together, they wrote *The Flying Fish*, a novel about the Bay of Pigs invasion. Higgs speaks briefly twice in the film, but his words carry immense power and context. He regards Cuban people who were forced to flee their homeland, perhaps never to return, as "models of courage and determination."

"The twentieth century will probably go down as the age of displaced persons," Higgs says. "Travel, willful travel, is one thing and it's admirable. But being uprooted and thrown out and your very country taken away from you, the land that's familiar to you, that's a terrible thing."

Mountain Mojo is directed by Fred Sauceman. Other members of the ETSU production team are Larry Smith, Charlie Warden, and Randy Sanders. ❖

Brad Lifford is media relations/special events coordinator at East Tennessee State University.

Now & Then

Signing Off

Mario and Mayne Toledo began serving tacos from the Tacoras taco stand in the parking lot of the Trinity Assembly of God Church in Johnson City, Tennessee, in late November 2011. Offering authentic food from their native countries of El Salvador and Mexico, they expected 70% of their customers to be Spanish speaking immigrants. In reality, 70% of their customers are native English speakers, although the menu is displayed in both English and Spanish.

Photos courtesy Charlie Warden.

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Charlie Daniel is editorial cartoonist for the *Knoxville News Sentinel*.

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